

THEY LOVE MUSIC

She Was Not to Be Discussed Though He Only Gazed at Her.

"Oh, I love music!" he cried. She looked at him with admiration, sitting back in one corner of the sofa, as he sat in the other—with rosy-faced admiration she looked at him, eyes sparkling, hands clasped and her lips slightly parted in the very breathlessness of her regard.

"Ah, yes," said he, "ah, yes! The blaring of the brasses and the sighing of the woods! Would you have melancholy? It is the breathing of the flute. Would you have triumph? Oh, listen to the cornet's tones. So I could go through all the emotions, and oh, the tonals, the cadenzas, the minims, the triads and the sudden, sudden stop; the silence! Ah!"

He paused, his eyes glowing on vacancy. He made a dreamy, graceful gesture and looked at her from the corner of his eyes, drinking in her admiration and absorbing all the tribute of her pantomime.

"And so do I!" she cried. Impulsively he held out his hand and impulsively she took it. "We will love music all our lives," she whispered, "all our lives—together!"

Suddenly then his glowing look vanished and over his features there passed an expression of inquiry, fear and doubt. Gently he sought to withdraw his hand, but she held it tightly, pressing it with silent declarations of love and esteem and letting him know by the soft engagement and relaxation of his grasp that when it came to music they were one. There was a fond and true regard for the most beautiful of all the arts and the interpretation of great souls long dead; and that when it came to rhapsodies she could rhapsodize, and when it came to passages of sadness she could weep, but that taking one thing with another it was, it was the twiddle bits, the twiddle bits, the twiddle bits; oh, yes, it was the twiddle bits that stole her heart away.

"Yes, yes," she whispered, "all our lives—together!"

He looked at her then with the muteness of ecstasy, preserving the attitude of formality, edging away from her so that their clasped and extended arms grew taut and tight.

"Every summer," she began in low vibrating tones, "we can go abroad and listen to the music in the cradle of the art, Italy, Germany, France—together! When the music swells our souls will be lifted into the infinite, and when the grand chords sound we will thrill in a shuddering ecstasy. Bayreuth, Paris, Milan, ah, how I have longed for them, and now we will see them, dear—together!"

"Now look here—look here!"—he began.

"Or we can subscribe to the operas here instead!" she cried. "Garden, Caruso, Tet—tet—whatever her name is—O, how I long to hear her sing! We'll have a nice little automobile, one of those that all closed in, and we'll go and see them all—together! You can invite your friends at the bank, too, and we'll give opera parties."

She patted his hand, and inwardly he groaned and cursed the fate that had led him to mislead her into thinking that it was the mainstay and buttress of the bank where he daily added long items of figures in "Ledger Deposits: A-G." And seeing that he was still silent and unhappy and gave no answering echo to her melody, she tried another and lower key. "An automobile—jehaw!" she exclaimed. "It would much rather have a nice carriage. Or we could hire one!" she laughed. "What fun! Dear me! And, anyhow, the music is the thing. The rhythm and the sweep of its manifold moods of joy, its woes, its passions! Ah, me!"

"I don't like the opera," he grumbled, his eyes anguished and his feet shuffling the carpet. "I hate them. I have always hated them from a child. Now, look here, I think there's some misunderstanding."

"Ah!" she cried. "I know what it is! You like it! I know! It's the concert at the Regent's in the pavilions—on the sand. And so do I, dear, and so do I! Oh, to sit on the beach, heart to heart and hand in hand, to hear the strains of harmony that mingle with the moaning of the tide!"

She gazed at him with a sentiment profound, and she looked at him merrily, swinging his hand and arching her brows at him until in his innermost soul he muttered: "Hang it, he isn't so bad!" But aloud he said: "I don't go away in the summer."

"I have always said," she cried delightedly, "that there is no place in the summer like the city. No, sir! Nowhere! And we'll have one of those piano players, dear, and a collection of the best old classics, and, O, what happy, happy hours we'll spend together! Bach! Beethoven! Etude! Ah, I feel so happy!"

Swinging his hand again pressing it with affection the while, she began: "Please ask me if I love you."

"Yes," said he, "I love you." And then not only did he swing his hand, but he swung hers, and in a word of ardent passion he was kissing her face in the cast of a rapture he looked at her right sweetly in the eye and thought her wondrous fair.

"That look here, girl," he said, "I only get it a week, and those piano players and concerts and operas and—"

"Well," she whispered, her eyes shining as she lifted her rosy lips to his. "Well... Aren't there—"

PROPER EVEN IN HIS SHORING.

Fallen Dandy Evidently Was Idol to King's Messenger.

When Beau Brummell, the celebrated dandy, was, in consequence of his fallen fortunes, residing at Calais, he had occasion to visit Paris. Through the kindness of the consul at the former place, he was enabled to accompany a king's messenger to the capital, and thus travel free of expense. When the messenger returned, the consul was curious to know how he and his aristocratic companion had fraternized upon the road. "What kind of a traveling companion did you find Mr. Brummell?" asked he. "Oh, a very pleasant one, indeed, sir; very pleasant," replied the messenger. "Ah! And what did he say?" "Say, sir? Nothing! He slept the whole way." "Slept the whole way! Do you call that being pleasant? Perhaps he snored!" The messenger acknowledged that Brummell did so, but immediately, as if fearful of casting an improper reflection upon so great a personage, added, with great gravity: "Yet I can assure you, sir, Mr. Brummell snored very much like a gentleman."

SUPERSTITION HARD TO DOWN.

Level-Headed City Men Fight Shy of Number Thirteen.

Of all classes of people, the business man has been justly given credit for being the most balanced and the least subject to emotional influences. Yet superstition occasionally shows itself in the commercial world in a way that is often very disconcerting to the realist.

"Have a thirteenth floor in this building?" queries a part owner of one of the famous office buildings in New York. "Never! The thirteenth floor is sometimes difficult to rent; tenants would prefer to go higher or lower. The 13 hoodoo affects more other-wise sane men than is acknowledged. Many of the most famous business buildings in the country have no thirteenth floor—the fourteenth story follows the twelfth. By following this plan we take the least risk. As the names of tenants are arranged alphabetically on the directory the omission is seldom noticed."—System.

Mean Joke of Doctor.

The celebrated French physician, Ricord, was one day walking along the boulevards in Paris, when he met an old gentleman who was very rich, but who was at the same time noted for his extreme stinginess. The old man, who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could get some medical advice from Ricord without paying for it. "Doctor, I am feeling very poorly," "Where do you suffer most?" "In my stomach, doctor." "Ah, that's bad. Please shut your eyes. That's right. Now put out your tongue, so that I can examine it closely." The invalid did as he was told. After he had waited patiently for about ten minutes he opened his eyes, and found himself surrounded by a crowd, who supposed that he was crazy. Dr. Ricord, in the meantime, had disappeared.

Crow Destroyed Pheasant Eggs.

A party of boys while hunting for flowers discovered a pheasant's nest on the farm owned by Albert Hackett, north of this village, a few days ago. They visited the locality of the nest daily to see when the mother bird would begin to set, as at that time the eggs in the nest numbered 13.

The other day when some of the party made the visit, a crow was found in possession of the nest, and when it was driven away it was discovered that each pheasant's egg had been punctured by the crow's bill and the contents sucked out, so that nothing but shells were in the nest.—Manchester Correspondent Rochester Herald.

Statues to Women.

In the streets of London there are only five statues to women. Four of these are queens and the fifth is Mrs. Siddons, whose statue as the tragic muse is in Paddington Green.

In the matter of memorial tablets women fare no better, as out of fully 100 affixed to houses where celebrated names upon them. These commemorate Fanny Burney (Mrs. D'Ablay), Joanna Baillie, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Mrs. Siddons.

Blood Heat.

The normal temperature of the human body is about 98½ degrees Fahrenheit. This is known as blood heat, and is maintained within one or two degrees, whether in the arctic or tropical regions. In the animal kingdom mammals have about the same temperature as man; birds are warmer than man by eight or ten degrees, while reptiles, fishes and all invertebrates differ only slightly from the temperature of the medium in which they live.

The One Place.

"In this area of craft and trick rackets," remarked the cheerful idiot, "there is at least one place where honesty and truth may always be found." "For goodness sake, where?" queried the doubting Thomas. "In the dictionary," answered the C. I. as he hurriedly left the dining room.

Babies Falling Off.

French economists noted with apprehension the shrinkage of the birth rate. "At this decline," they reasoned, "the smothering syrup and kindred industries are going to the bad." Thereupon they called a convention to talk it over.

WAS FIRST USED AS A SYMBOL.

Origin of the Star and Crescent on Turkish Flag.

Very ancient are the star and crescent of the Turkish flag. Their origin is explained as follows: The characters of the language of Mesopotamia, like the Egyptian, were originally hieroglyphic. One of the early picture words was a crescent and a star and this picture, which was pronounced "shiptu," was employed to express an incantation or exorcism, or anything capable of driving the evil spirit from the body of which it had taken possession. Clay tablets recording the ancient exorcisms have been found in the ruins of Mesopotamia and at the beginning of such tablets appears the sign which developed from the crescent and the star. The symbol, therefore, may have been not only the word for incantation, but a charm from which the evil spirits were supposed to flee. In every age in the Orient the people have possessed similar charms. The Assyrian kings stationed winged monsters with forms half human at their gateways, to keep all evil from entering within the palace. The poorer people suspended clay tablets above the entrances of their houses. The modern Oriental may purchase in the bazaar blue glass beads, verses from the Koran wrapped in leather cases and other devices to serve a similar purpose. The crescent and star formed a symbol which the Mesopotamians of 6,000 years ago employed as a charm.

EARLY FERNS OF SPRINGTIME.

Interesting Development of the Cotton Into the Fiddle Head.

As real names, cotton and fiddle heads have not enough in common to bring them together in one title; but as fanciful names for the two earliest stages of the springtime ferns, the two are closely associated. The "cotton" fern soon merges into the "fiddle head."

Just as the buds of trees and shrubs are beginning to swell cottony tufts appear all over the ground of the lowlands in many places, and so close is the resemblance that at first glance it seems as if little balls or wads of cotton had there been scattered broadcast. These balls conceal the ends of the young fern fronds, the botanist using the term "circinate" to describe the form of rolling or unrolling. As soon as the fern has grown an inch or two in height the cottony appearance disappears and the "fiddle head" form becomes very marked.—St. Nicholas.

Too Hard to Pronounce.

A well dressed man entered a florist's shop near the city hall the other day, threw down a dollar and said he wanted some flowers to take home, declared the Cleveland Star. He was quite unsteady, evidently tapering off a spree, and the flowers were apparently intended as a domestic peace offering. The florist picked out a collection of hyacinths and the caller started to leave, but at the door hesitated. "I say," he said, thickly, "what's these flowers called?" "Hyacinths," said the florist. The customer shook his head, and as he walked back to the counter, said: "Gottar have something easier. Gimme a dozen roses."

Lucky Herdman.

A curious legend attaches to the discovery of the marble of which Ephesus was built. The rains of a herdsman named Plaxodorus fought whilst feeding on the hill. One of them—in the contest—with his horn, broke the crust of the whitest marble. The peasant running to his Ephesian fellow-citizens with the specimen, his prize was resolved with applause, and his name was changed to "Evangelus"—Giver of Glad Tidings; and the stone being excavated for Diana's Temple divine honors were subsequently paid to him!

Military Logic.

But experience teaches that there is no stopping the flow of military logic. From its own point of view it is quite reasonable. The security of one range of hills requires the occupation of the next; and the retention of that second range requires the conquest of a third. So it goes on. As Lord Salisbury once said to Lord Cromer: "If you listened to all that soldiers vent, you would be asked to consent to the fortification of the moon against a possible attack on the earth from Mars."—London Spectator.

To Banish the Goat.

Malta's celebrated goats are likely soon to be only a memory on the historic island, for it has been found that banishing goats' milk means an end to the ravages of Malta fever. The commission appointed in 1907 to trace the origin of the fever in the garrisons and crews of warships made the discovery that the germ of the fever was present in the milk of the goat. Wherever the use of this milk has been prohibited the fever has disappeared.

Phonetic.

"What picture does it bring to your mind, Katie Smith, when we sing 'Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue?'" "I see 'em bring out three chairs, teacher; a chair for the red, a chair for the white and a chair for the blue."

Lovely Woman.

Miss Odgrill—Mr. Dasher hadn't been alone with me five minutes before he offered to kiss me. Miss Canastique—Well, he's considered to be the most charitable man in the city.—Smoking Sticks.

SCHOOL CHILDREN WITH MONEY.

One Pupil in New York Acted as the Family Bank.

"Where do school children get all the money they take to school?" was asked a New York teacher who was worrying over the frequent thefts from the pupils in her room. "I don't know," she said. "The situation is puzzling. It is a fact that almost every child brings money to school. Many of them have only a cent to buy a doughnut or a stick of candy, but others carry surprisingly large sums. Not long ago the charges of theft were so frequent in my room that I tried to stop this universal carrying of money. I asked the mothers not to give their children money during school hours, except in cases where it was really needed to buy lunch. Many of them promised to cut off the allowance, but the small coins continued to circulate just the same. A few mothers declared that they gave the children money for safe keeping. I learned that one girl in my class came to school day after day with from \$20 to \$30 planned in her clothes. The father spent everything he could say his hands on, and as the little girl's garments were the only place where he could never find the money she was converted into the family bank."

WAS NOT THE VICTIM OF CUPID.

Young Man There for Quite Other Than Sentimental Reasons.

She said it was a shame, an outrage. She was a timid, reserved girl, who gave no man encouragement to flirt, yet—

"There is that man," she said, "bothering the very life out of me. I don't know how many times he has seen me in the street somewhere and has followed me right up to the door. The next time he annoys me I shall get the hall boy to order him away."

She had occasion to speak to the hall boy the next evening. "Do you see that man in the vestibule lighting a cigar?" she said. "I wish you would order him away."

"I can't," said the boy. "But you must," she said, angrily. "He has no business to be hanging around here."

"Pardon me, but he has business here," said the boy. "He lives on the third floor."

Old Gloves.

They have about 50 or 60 old gloves at the ticket office down at Union station, gray sueded, undressed kids—every old kind. But the trouble is that among them all there is not one pair. They are all odd gloves, mostly "lefts." You see most men carry their money in their left-hand pockets, and when they're buying railroad tickets, they take off the left glove. Then when they go away and leave the glove the boys in the ticket office are no better off than if they had left nothing behind but an air of mystery.

"It's surprising, too," they say at the ticket office, "how many men have one or two fingers missing. Out of the lot of old gloves now there, a dozen or more have at least one finger gone. The ticket sellers watch for men who have fingers missing and try to match them up with gloves that correspond. With that exception, most of the gloves go to waste.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The "Woman of Stenay."

The name of the "Woman of Stenay" is revered in Lorraine as a national heroine. In the Napoleonic wars a detachment of Austrians visited Stenay and demanded a cask of wine. "The Woman of Stenay" promptly brought one, telling the soldiers they were welcome to her store, and drank a cup of wine to their health. The soldiers promptly drank, but in a few moments 400 men were writhing in agony on the ground; the "Woman of Stenay" rose from her seat, saying: "You are all poisoned! Vive la France!" and she fell back a corpse.

Birthplace of the Iceberg.

We might call Greenland the world's ice box. If you glance at the map you will see that the state of New York, large as it seems to us, is not over one-twentieth of the size of Greenland, for New York contains only 47,000 square miles. Then think that the glaciers are steadily moving away from the center of Greenland, really being crowded off the land, and it will not seem so strange that here is the birthplace of nearly all of the icebergs that are so feared by the mariner.—St. Nicholas.

In Bulk Only.

"What are you paying for poetry to-day?" the long-haired man inquired. "The editor glanced at the closely rolled manuscript in the visitor's hand."

"I'll have to consult the janitor," he said. "We are not buying heavily at present. Just a little now and then to accommodate our friends. But we never buy it in less than ten-pound lots."

Whereupon he went back to his desk and the caller faded away.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

According to Orders.

"How do you do?" exclaimed the letter carrier as he greeted the auctioneer. "I do as I am bid," answered the auctioneer, with a sardonic grin. "Much the same here," rejoined the letter carrier. "I do as I am directed."

ADVICE WORTH LISTENING TO.

Generally It at Least Helps One to Make Up His Mind.

You may disregard advice, but listen to it. Don't scoff at it, no matter who the person is that makes it. Many a fool has helped a wise man. Even the worst advice presents one side of a question.

An astute man said that he always wanted advice, not to follow it, but to help him make up his mind. If you once get this idea about it you will be much the gainer in the battle of life. No one person can present all the points of view, and a person about to take an important step should be able to know what is all around the horizon.

Listen to everything everybody has to say, if you have the time; if not, always listen to anything that is presented strongly, whether or not it agrees with your opinion.

And above all things never scoff at the criticism, with its implied advice, of an enemy. There you get your weakest points exposed. If you are wise you will be thankful for the opportunity to strengthen them.

SEES DOWNFALL OF THE BELL.

Metal Tubes Will Supersede It, According to Clergyman.

"It will not be many years," says a St. Louis clergyman, "before bells for church use will be almost unknown. Even now, when a church desires something to answer the purpose of the bell, the trustees do not buy bells, but tubes, some made of bell metal, other of a composite of several metals. The metal tubes are hung in steeples and struck with a hammer. They give a clear, full note, just like a bell, only more resonant. They never crack with cold or heat, and what is a still greater recommendation, never get out of tune. There is a chime in the city with one or two bells so horribly out of tune that they set people's teeth on edge. Such discord in a chime of metal tubes would be unknown, and besides, the tone is so much more agreeable than that of the bell that any one who ever hears the two can not fail to prefer the tube. It sounds like a great organ pipe, so that when one of these chimes is played the impression is that of a huge organ far up in the sky."

Friday and the Soothsayer.

Two women who wished to make an appointment with a fortune teller who was pronounced "just splendid" by everybody who had patronized her, were advised by the seer to come on Friday.

"That is, if you are not superstitious about Friday," she said. "Most people are. They regard Friday as such an unlucky day that they won't even have their fortune told then for fear they will hear something unlucky. That is why I advise you to come on that day. I will have plenty of time, and won't have to put your cases through with such a rush."

Moon Regarded as a Deity.

Among the early peoples of Mesopotamia all of the heavenly bodies were regarded as deities, but the moon, because of the variety of the shapes which it assumes, was the chief of them all. Special reverence was therefore paid it and some of the oldest and most important of the Babylonian temples, as at Ur and Haran, were devoted to its worship. Thus the crescent, the symbol by which the moon god was represented, was supposed to have the power to avert evil, and then together with the star it formed the word for incantation.

Entitled to the Best.

Tippling is admitted to be a bad habit, but it is firmly established. A young fellow who took his best girl to supper felt that he must conform to custom, and handed out his coin with liberality, so that no one in the restaurant was overlooked. After they had been swung through the revolving door she said: "Did you give that man at the door anything?"

"No, Why?" "He ought to have had the most. He let us out."

The Word Post.

Many persons wonder how we got the word "post" as applied to the mails. It comes from the Latin positus, which means placed; therefore it is a fixed station. From this it came to mean an established conveyance of letters from one station to another, and the place from which the letters were sent out came to be called the postoffice. "Post-haste," a word used by Shakespeare, means speed in traveling, like that of post or a courier.

Commission.

Walter had been collecting coins for some time, and one morning at breakfast he asked: "Ezra, do you go down town to make money?" "Yes," said his father. "Why?" "I wish you would make me a set of United States gold dollars," said Walter.

Dancing Defined.

Charles had been looking on at a dance for the first time in his life. When he reached home he said: "Anny, it wasn't a bit like I thought it would be. I thought when people danced they jumped up and down, but they didn't. They just took each other by the waist and staid."—Harper's.

Bank of Grayling.

Successor to Crawford County Exchange Bank.

MARIUS HANSON
PROPRIETOR.
Interest paid on certificates of deposit. Collections promptly attended to. Loans made on terms extended that are consistent with safe and conservative banking.
MARIUS HANSON, Cashier.

J. W. Tomlinson M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Grayling, Michigan

Office over Post Office.

Office hours: 9 to 11 a. m. 2 to 4 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m. Residence, one block west and one block north of school house. Night calls made from residence.

GEO. L. ALEXANDER

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Pine Lands

Bought and sold on Commission.

None-Residents' Lands looked after. Office on Michigan Avenue, first door east of Bank of Grayling.

J. O. CUNNINGHAM

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

Solicitor in Chancery,

Office over Peterson's old Jewelry Store

O. Palmer

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND NOTARY

Prosecuting Attorney for Crawford Co.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the condition of a certain mortgage made and executed on the seventh day of March A. D. 1907 by Phebe L. Johnson of the village of Grayling, Crawford county, Michigan, to Jens Michelson of the same place, which mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Crawford county Michigan, on the seventh day of March A. D. 1907, at ten o'clock a. m. and recorded in Liber H of mortgages, on page 27,

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

Popular Pulpit

THE BUSINESS MAN AND POLITICS.

By Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou.



The business man should realize that it is as much of his interest to participate actively in political primaries and conventions as it is to attend to his daily business affairs. We need all over this fair land to-day a revival of the spirit of the old town meeting, where there were general interchange of views, the discussion of public questions, the ascertainment of the needs of the community, and the shaping of plans to meet them.

Notwithstanding the mistakes and the blunders, notwithstanding the evils of these later years, inseparable from a rapid development and an unbounded property, wherein often times the material has been excited above the moral and the spiritual, the United States may well be proud of American business and American citizenship.

The spirit that, long hidden in the great heart of man, struggled up through the colonial years, up through the revolutionary years, up through the dreadful years of civil strife, that is struggling up through these years of mighty social and economic adjustments, the spirit of the builders and defenders of the republic in every crisis—that spirit of the freeman is still with the American people, and will abide with them if they will realize and be true to the high privilege of American citizenship.

HUMAN HAPPINESS HAS NO LIMITS.

By Ada May Knecker.

There are certain big things to which I believe flowers and merry brooks, but sometimes are quite irrational about the sorrows of man. They seem to regard all nature as gay and only man as mournful; whereas, did they but appreciate it, if beasts and plants are happy at all, man is happier. Above the senses the intellect, overflows blisses denied savage and animal. One testimony to their vividness lies in the conspicuous fact that the greatest intellectual works have been labors of love, wrought by talented men whose genius could flower because they lived above the level of sordid cares. Above the intellect are born still loftier and lovelier phases of consciousness, still farther away from brute experience—the ecstasy of the saint, the beatific vision, the spiritual illumination, the soul's awakening.

These pleasure experiences reflect in the outer world as pleasure societies and pleasure religions. Not isolation, not fear, not pain, but ever-growing solidarity, security, ease. Under the completed pleasure regime there will be no national boundaries. Happiness now has expanded to so wide a degree that it overreaches the powers of any one man to realize it alone. It is a social enjoyment, a collective happiness. Many must be glad in

order to perfect the peace of man. Still wider it reaches to beings above the human kingdom in infinite gradations, to the Supreme, who is God not of wrath but of love, whose moral codes bespeak virtue for the beauty and delight of it. When St. Paul adds his ideal of co-working with God, of harmonizing the will with the will of the supreme harmony, happiness has embraced the universal nature and penetrated the universal plan, touched the utmost bound of being.

PROPER TREATMENT OF WIVES.

By Rev. J. L. Scudder.

Selfishness is the rock upon which domestic bliss generally goes to pieces. A model husband never plays the tyrant. He treats his wife as an equal, not as a subordinate; or slave. Some women are married to beasts. Some are caged birds, too sad to sing. Others have that word "obey" eternally thrown at them. Another quality in a good husband is his determination to cultivate cheerfulness and scatter sunshine in his home. He will make himself handy around the house and not expect anything to be done for him. When his wife asks him to mend the sewing machine or put new wire on the screen door, he will not pout and say, "That was not in the marriage contract."

He removes a burden wherever he can, and moves around the house like a bearded angel, blessing everything he touches. He overlooks any little weaknesses his wife may possess, instead of calling her a "crosspatch," and then becoming ten times as cross and ugly himself. He sympathizes rather than irritates. He is not always insisting that he is right and his wife is wrong. He is jovial and lenient, and lets the little woman have her own way in many things, always allowing her to have the last word.

A good husband also keeps up his courting as long as he lives. He never forgets to tell his wife how much he thinks of her. He speaks words of praise while she is living and doesn't wait until the funeral to deliver sentiments she cannot hear.

EMPLOYER HAS HIS RIGHTS.

By Rev. John Wesley Hill.

The employer has a right to what he has honestly earned. Deny that and you have shattered the corner stone of our civilization. The proposition to abolish private property and make the State the general proprietor is false to every principle of equity and justice. The employer also has a right to decline the services of all intractable men. I believe in the rights of free speech, but I deprecate the inflammatory ebullitions of professional agitators, whose only claim to being workmen is based upon their ability to work the workmen, men who make a revenue out of trouble and who fatten on calamity. I warn you against these disturbers of public peace, these enemies of honest labor.

FLAG OF THE NATION.

By Rev. S. T. Willis.

Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth. Psalm 40:4.

On the one hundred and thirty-fifth anniversary of our national emblem, it is well to consider two facts, suggested by our text, namely, that our national banner, like Israel's of old, is a God-given emblem to men that fear Him, and that it is to be displayed because of the truth for which it stands.

No student of the philosophy of history will for a moment deny that the discovery and colonization of North America was directed by the guiding hand of Providence, neither will anyone dispute that the Declaration of Independence and the formation of our government were the actions of men who stood in conscious fear of the Lord. Each of the original thirteen colonies was established on distinctive and dominant religious principles. Each of them sought to know the will of God, and to do it. In all their discussion of the problems of freedom and in their reasons for independence our fathers made their appeal to God and His truth was written in their hearts. They looked to Him as their leader and defender. When liberty came they recognized God as its author-giver, so that the emblem of our freedom was a God-given banner to those who feared Him and did all in their power to make His will supreme in the earth.

When George Washington, Robert Morris and John Ross prepared and presented to Congress a standard for the Continental troops and the new Union of States, every detail in our flag was made symbolic of truth in its breadth and beauty and as the proud herald of those fundamental principles our national banner has been displayed for 132 years.

In the first place, it is the banner of the Union, the Union of States into a solid national compact; the union of effort to free these States and defend them; the union of hearts loyal and true; and this idea of national union emblazoned on our banner is expressed in the field of blue on which shine the stars of the several States. To destroy this union would be to reverse the progress of our history and make void the struggle and sacrifice of our fathers.

In the second place, it is the banner of liberty. These States were united in the cause of freedom. The struggle of their common efforts forced them to unite their efforts in the struggle for common liberty. The recognized liberty as one of the inalienable rights to be bestowed by the Creator, and in the cause of their liberty and the liberty of their children they have pledged their lives, their liberties and their sacred honor. Yes, it is the flag of the free!

In the third place, it is also the banner of bravery. Never in the history of the world did more heroic men place themselves upon the altar of patriotism because they feared God and recognized the justice of their principles, they were willing to sacrifice life itself. As we look upon the banner to-day and remember that it was made expressive of brave and patriotic men, it recalls the heroic struggles of the revolution. The red signifies it is the banner of the brave.

In the last place, it is the banner of peaceful possession. Wherever it floats, our flag is the symbol of sovereignty right. It stands for national ownership—not of any party, large or small, but of the ownership of all the people; and as such it is the pledge of peace. For back of the flag stand the people, and back of the people is God, whose truth is displayed in its signs and symbols.

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

By Henry F. Cope.

"Whoever does not bear his cross and come after Me cannot be My disciple."—Luke 14:27.

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus Christ. Yet there are many who are called Christians who are not the disciples of the lowly prophet of Nazareth, and there are many who are truly His disciples who are not known as Christians.

It may be that there are those who are Christians and do not know it; it is certain that there are those who are not Christians, according to the simple standard of the founder of Christianity, who nevertheless comfort themselves with the delusion that they belong to His followers.

Organizations, churches, and sects do not make Christianity; they are only the instruments for its work, the vehicles for its expression. One might have his name emblazoned in the largest possible letters on the official or the plain membership of the church, and still be altogether a stranger to Christianity.

There are many able to prove by arguments elaborate and carefully erected the historic accuracy of the various accounts of the life and word of Jesus, usually proving more for Him than he claimed for himself, who yet are utter strangers to His spirit; who, while bitterly defending His reputation, by all their lives entirely misrepresent His character.

These are they who, while with their lips they invite men to become the disciples of the Great Teacher, with all their powers are erecting barriers and creating difficulties. They say you cannot be a Christian unless you will go through these motions or unless you will bring yourself to accept these and the other notions.

The most striking evidence of the value and vitality of the ideas and ideals of Jesus lies in the fact that despite the mistakes, real in which life follows have endeavored to make discipleship an intricate and difficult affair of intellectual propositions, ritual, and organizations. Christianity still stands

in the world as on the whole synonymous with the highest in character and conduct.

To be a Christian is the simplest and yet one of the most far-reaching things imaginable. It means only that any man or woman takes life on the terms that this one whom men call the Christ took it, that He is the type of life to which they seek to conform, and His service to the world that which they seek to render.

The distinguishing marks of that life of long ago were its sense of the infinite, its clear consciousness of the Most High that it expressed itself in terms of relationship and so taught men to cry "Our Father," and a clear faith in humanity, a consciousness of the worth of character, that led Him to see the brother in every man and to give His life in sincere service for even those who opposed Him.

Here, too, was a life lived for the higher values and on the highest level. A life that ever reminded us how much more the man himself is worth than the sheep, the person than the possessions, the toiler than the tools. And so He lived, not only for character in Himself, but that all might have the right to the freedom, fullness and joy of life.

The essential elements of such a character are few and simple. We readily recognize its faith in God, not in any narrow or dogmatic sense, but in the consciousness of the infinite spirit working for good; faith in man, in his worth and possible goodness, and faith in that high goal of all society which the Teacher called the kingdom of heaven.

Whoever turns his life toward these things, whoever looks out on life with eyes of faith and love, whoever seeks the ideal ends for humanity, whoever serves the eternal propaganda of righteousness, peace and brotherly love, even though he never had heard of Christ, still belongs to Him.

To be animated with that spirit, deliberately to choose to live that kind of life, to take its pains and joys, to do its work, to strengthen one's self with its motives and dynamics, to be satisfied with its high goals, to pay its price, to follow this path, is to be a Christian, because it is to be a full man and brother to all men.

THE FRUITS OF MAN.

By Rev. John S. Paxton, D. D.

Text—"For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof faileth away: but the Word of the Lord endureth forever."—1 Peter 1:24, 25.

Be swift to forgive. Make haste to be kind, my brother man; for you are grass, and to-morrow it may be too late. All hate hurts the hater more than the hated. Envy is a sign that you feel yourself to be an inferior person. I'd never admit it. I would never feel it—for all envy is a mark of an inferior nature. And malice—malice is a smart, and a pain, that keeps me awake at nights and tosses me on a restless bed; but the object of that malice sleeps sweet, and I am the loser for my spite. And evil speaking—it is a game that two always play. We always get what we give. We reap what we sow. Show thyself friendly, and thou shalt have friends. Show thyself censorious and malicious, and on my soul, bitter tongues shall bite into your sensitive nerves, and make you miserable, rewarding you according to your own works. Oh, men and brethren, since we live so short a time, let us lay aside the anger that brands and the satire that scourges. Let us think no evil, and do not wrong; for this is the Word of the Lord that endureth forever: that all bitterness and wrath, that all anger and clamor, that all evil speaking, that all malice, be put away from you. And let us be kind one to another—tender-hearted—forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us. If you and I have been born from above—if we have touched the hem of Christ's robe—if we have cried, "My Lord and my God"—if we have knelt with the publican and sinner, "Be merciful to me a sinner!"—no weed in nature am I, no bit of fading grass are you. I deny it! I am not grass, but a son of God, and have an immortal destiny. I can defy hell and the grave to quench my immortality. I can laugh at the sun and at the shining stars; for when they are dead and old and cold, I shall be with the Lord.

Be swift to forgive. Make haste to be kind, my brother man; for you are grass, and to-morrow it may be too late. All hate hurts the hater more than the hated. Envy is a sign that you feel yourself to be an inferior person. I'd never admit it. I would never feel it—for all envy is a mark of an inferior nature. And malice—malice is a smart, and a pain, that keeps me awake at nights and tosses me on a restless bed; but the object of that malice sleeps sweet, and I am the loser for my spite. And evil speaking—it is a game that two always play. We always get what we give. We reap what we sow. Show thyself friendly, and thou shalt have friends. Show thyself censorious and malicious, and on my soul, bitter tongues shall bite into your sensitive nerves, and make you miserable, rewarding you according to your own works. Oh, men and brethren, since we live so short a time, let us lay aside the anger that brands and the satire that scourges. Let us think no evil, and do not wrong; for this is the Word of the Lord that endureth forever: that all bitterness and wrath, that all anger and clamor, that all evil speaking, that all malice, be put away from you. And let us be kind one to another—tender-hearted—forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us. If you and I have been born from above—if we have touched the hem of Christ's robe—if we have cried, "My Lord and my God"—if we have knelt with the publican and sinner, "Be merciful to me a sinner!"—no weed in nature am I, no bit of fading grass are you. I deny it! I am not grass, but a son of God, and have an immortal destiny. I can defy hell and the grave to quench my immortality. I can laugh at the sun and at the shining stars; for when they are dead and old and cold, I shall be with the Lord.

Be swift to forgive. Make haste to be kind, my brother man; for you are grass, and to-morrow it may be too late. All hate hurts the hater more than the hated. Envy is a sign that you feel yourself to be an inferior person. I'd never admit it. I would never feel it—for all envy is a mark of an inferior nature. And malice—malice is a smart, and a pain, that keeps me awake at nights and tosses me on a restless bed; but the object of that malice sleeps sweet, and I am the loser for my spite. And evil speaking—it is a game that two always play. We always get what we give. We reap what we sow. Show thyself friendly, and thou shalt have friends. Show thyself censorious and malicious, and on my soul, bitter tongues shall bite into your sensitive nerves, and make you miserable, rewarding you according to your own works. Oh, men and brethren, since we live so short a time, let us lay aside the anger that brands and the satire that scourges. Let us think no evil, and do not wrong; for this is the Word of the Lord that endureth forever: that all bitterness and wrath, that all anger and clamor, that all evil speaking, that all malice, be put away from you. And let us be kind one to another—tender-hearted—forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us. If you and I have been born from above—if we have touched the hem of Christ's robe—if we have cried, "My Lord and my God"—if we have knelt with the publican and sinner, "Be merciful to me a sinner!"—no weed in nature am I, no bit of fading grass are you. I deny it! I am not grass, but a son of God, and have an immortal destiny. I can defy hell and the grave to quench my immortality. I can laugh at the sun and at the shining stars; for when they are dead and old and cold, I shall be with the Lord.

Be swift to forgive. Make haste to be kind, my brother man; for you are grass, and to-morrow it may be too late. All hate hurts the hater more than the hated. Envy is a sign that you feel yourself to be an inferior person. I'd never admit it. I would never feel it—for all envy is a mark of an inferior nature. And malice—malice is a smart, and a pain, that keeps me awake at nights and tosses me on a restless bed; but the object of that malice sleeps sweet, and I am the loser for my spite. And evil speaking—it is a game that two always play. We always get what we give. We reap what we sow. Show thyself friendly, and thou shalt have friends. Show thyself censorious and malicious, and on my soul, bitter tongues shall bite into your sensitive nerves, and make you miserable, rewarding you according to your own works. Oh, men and brethren, since we live so short a time, let us lay aside the anger that brands and the satire that scourges. Let us think no evil, and do not wrong; for this is the Word of the Lord that endureth forever: that all bitterness and wrath, that all anger and clamor, that all evil speaking, that all malice, be put away from you. And let us be kind one to another—tender-hearted—forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us. If you and I have been born from above—if we have touched the hem of Christ's robe—if we have cried, "My Lord and my God"—if we have knelt with the publican and sinner, "Be merciful to me a sinner!"—no weed in nature am I, no bit of fading grass are you. I deny it! I am not grass, but a son of God, and have an immortal destiny. I can defy hell and the grave to quench my immortality. I can laugh at the sun and at the shining stars; for when they are dead and old and cold, I shall be with the Lord.

Be swift to forgive. Make haste to be kind, my brother man; for you are grass, and to-morrow it may be too late. All hate hurts the hater more than the hated. Envy is a sign that you feel yourself to be an inferior person. I'd never admit it. I would never feel it—for all envy is a mark of an inferior nature. And malice—malice is a smart, and a pain, that keeps me awake at nights and tosses me on a restless bed; but the object of that malice sleeps sweet, and I am the loser for my spite. And evil speaking—it is a game that two always play. We always get what we give. We reap what we sow. Show thyself friendly, and thou shalt have friends. Show thyself censorious and malicious, and on my soul, bitter tongues shall bite into your sensitive nerves, and make you miserable, rewarding you according to your own works. Oh, men and brethren, since we live so short a time, let us lay aside the anger that brands and the satire that scourges. Let us think no evil, and do not wrong; for this is the Word of the Lord that endureth forever: that all bitterness and wrath, that all anger and clamor, that all evil speaking, that all malice, be put away from you. And let us be kind one to another—tender-hearted—forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us. If you and I have been born from above—if we have touched the hem of Christ's robe—if we have cried, "My Lord and my God"—if we have knelt with the publican and sinner, "Be merciful to me a sinner!"—no weed in nature am I, no bit of fading grass are you. I deny it! I am not grass, but a son of God, and have an immortal destiny. I can defy hell and the grave to quench my immortality. I can laugh at the sun and at the shining stars; for when they are dead and old and cold, I shall be with the Lord.

Be swift to forgive. Make haste to be kind, my brother man; for you are grass, and to-morrow it may be too late. All hate hurts the hater more than the hated. Envy is a sign that you feel yourself to be an inferior person. I'd never admit it. I would never feel it—for all envy is a mark of an inferior nature. And malice—malice is a smart, and a pain, that keeps me awake at nights and tosses me on a restless bed; but the object of that malice sleeps sweet, and I am the loser for my spite. And evil speaking—it is a game that two always play. We always get what we give. We reap what we sow. Show thyself friendly, and thou shalt have friends. Show thyself censorious and malicious, and on my soul, bitter tongues shall bite into your sensitive nerves, and make you miserable, rewarding you according to your own works. Oh, men and brethren, since we live so short a time, let us lay aside the anger that brands and the satire that scourges. Let us think no evil, and do not wrong; for this is the Word of the Lord that endureth forever: that all bitterness and wrath, that all anger and clamor, that all evil speaking, that all malice, be put away from you. And let us be kind one to another—tender-hearted—forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us. If you and I have been born from above—if we have touched the hem of Christ's robe—if we have cried, "My Lord and my God"—if we have knelt with the publican and sinner, "Be merciful to me a sinner!"—no weed in nature am I, no bit of fading grass are you. I deny it! I am not grass, but a son of God, and have an immortal destiny. I can defy hell and the grave to quench my immortality. I can laugh at the sun and at the shining stars; for when they are dead and old and cold, I shall be with the Lord.

Be swift to forgive. Make haste to be kind, my brother man; for you are grass, and to-morrow it may be too late. All hate hurts the hater more than the hated. Envy is a sign that you feel yourself to be an inferior person. I'd never admit it. I would never feel it—for all envy is a mark of an inferior nature. And malice—malice is a smart, and a pain, that keeps me awake at nights and tosses me on a restless bed; but the object of that malice sleeps sweet, and I am the loser for my spite. And evil speaking—it is a game that two always play. We always get what we give. We reap what we sow. Show thyself friendly, and thou shalt have friends. Show thyself censorious and malicious, and on my soul, bitter tongues shall bite into your sensitive nerves, and make you miserable, rewarding you according to your own works. Oh, men and brethren, since we live so short a time, let us lay aside the anger that brands and the satire that scourges. Let us think no evil, and do not wrong; for this is the Word of the Lord that endureth forever: that all bitterness and wrath, that all anger and clamor, that all evil speaking, that all malice, be put away from you. And let us be kind one to another—tender-hearted—forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us. If you and I have been born from above—if we have touched the hem of Christ's robe—if we have cried, "My Lord and my God"—if we have knelt with the publican and sinner, "Be merciful to me a sinner!"—no weed in nature am I, no bit of fading grass are you. I deny it! I am not grass, but a son of God, and have an immortal destiny. I can defy hell and the grave to quench my immortality. I can laugh at the sun and at the shining stars; for when they are dead and old and cold, I shall be with the Lord.

Be swift to forgive. Make haste to be kind, my brother man; for you are grass, and to-morrow it may be too late. All hate hurts the hater more than the hated. Envy is a sign that you feel yourself to be an inferior person. I'd never admit it. I would never feel it—for all envy is a mark of an inferior nature. And malice—malice is a smart, and a pain, that keeps me awake at nights and tosses me on a restless bed; but the object of that malice sleeps sweet, and I am the loser for my spite. And evil speaking—it is a game that two always play. We always get what we give. We reap what we sow. Show thyself friendly, and thou shalt have friends. Show thyself censorious and malicious, and on my soul, bitter tongues shall bite into your sensitive nerves, and make you miserable, rewarding you according to your own works. Oh, men and brethren, since we live so short a time, let us lay aside the anger that brands and the satire that scourges. Let us think no evil, and do not wrong; for this is the Word of the Lord that endureth forever: that all bitterness and wrath, that all anger and clamor, that all evil speaking, that all malice, be put away from you. And let us be kind one to another—tender-hearted—forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us. If you and I have been born from above—if we have touched the hem of Christ's robe—if we have cried, "My Lord and my God"—if we have knelt with the publican and sinner, "Be merciful to me a sinner!"—no weed in nature am I, no bit of fading grass are you. I deny it! I am not grass, but a son of God, and have an immortal destiny. I can defy hell and the grave to quench my immortality. I can laugh at the sun and at the shining stars; for when they are dead and old and cold, I shall be with the Lord.

Be swift to forgive. Make haste to be kind, my brother man; for you are grass, and to-morrow it may be too late. All hate hurts the hater more than the hated. Envy is a sign that you feel yourself to be an inferior person. I'd never admit it. I would never feel it—for all envy is a mark of an inferior nature. And malice—malice is a smart, and a pain, that keeps me awake at nights and tosses me on a restless bed; but the object of that malice sleeps sweet, and I am the loser for my spite. And evil speaking—it is a game that two always play. We always get what we give. We reap what we sow. Show thyself friendly, and thou shalt have friends. Show thyself censorious and malicious, and on my soul, bitter tongues shall bite into your sensitive nerves, and make you miserable, rewarding you according to your own works. Oh, men and brethren, since we live so short a time, let us lay aside the anger that brands and the satire that scourges. Let us think no evil, and do not wrong; for this is the Word of the Lord that endureth forever: that all bitterness and wrath, that all anger and clamor, that all evil speaking, that all malice, be put away from you. And let us be kind one to another—tender-hearted—forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us. If you and I have been born from above—if we have touched the hem of Christ's robe—if we have cried, "My Lord and my God"—if we have knelt with the publican and sinner, "Be merciful to me a sinner!"—no weed in nature am I, no bit of fading grass are you. I deny it! I am not grass, but a son of God, and have an immortal destiny. I can defy hell and the grave to quench my immortality. I can laugh at the sun and at the shining stars; for when they are dead and old and cold, I shall be with the Lord.

Be swift to forgive. Make haste to be kind, my brother man; for you are grass, and to-morrow it may be too late. All hate hurts the hater more than the hated. Envy is a sign that you feel yourself to be an inferior person. I'd never admit it. I would never feel it—for all envy is a mark of an inferior nature. And malice—malice is a smart, and a pain, that keeps me awake at nights and tosses me on a restless bed; but the object of that malice sleeps sweet, and I am the loser for my spite. And evil speaking—it is a game that two always play. We always get what we give. We reap what we sow. Show thyself friendly, and thou shalt have friends. Show thyself censorious and malicious, and on my soul, bitter tongues shall bite into your sensitive nerves, and make you miserable, rewarding you according to your own works. Oh, men and brethren, since we live so short a time, let us lay aside the anger that brands and the satire that scourges. Let us think no evil, and do not wrong; for this is the Word of the Lord that endureth forever: that all bitterness and wrath, that all anger and clamor, that all evil speaking, that all malice, be put away from you. And let us be kind one to another—tender-hearted—forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us. If you and I have been born from above—if we have touched the hem of Christ's robe—if we have cried, "My Lord and my God"—if we have knelt with the publican and sinner, "Be merciful to me a sinner!"—no weed in nature am I, no bit of fading grass are you. I deny it! I am not grass, but a son of God, and have an immortal destiny. I can defy hell and the grave to quench my immortality. I can laugh at the sun and at the shining stars; for when they are dead and old and cold, I shall be with the Lord.

Be swift to forgive. Make haste to be kind, my brother man; for you are grass, and to-morrow it may be too late. All hate hurts the hater more than the hated. Envy is a sign that you feel yourself to be an inferior person. I'd never admit it. I would never feel it—for all envy is a mark of an inferior nature. And malice—malice is a smart, and a pain, that keeps me awake at nights and tosses me on a restless bed; but the object of that malice sleeps sweet, and I am the loser for my spite. And evil speaking—it is a game that two always play. We always get what we give. We reap what we sow. Show thyself friendly, and thou shalt have friends. Show thyself censorious and malicious, and on my soul, bitter tongues shall bite into your sensitive nerves, and make you miserable, rewarding you according to your own works. Oh, men and brethren, since we live so short a time, let us lay aside the anger that brands and the satire that scourges. Let us think no evil, and do not wrong; for this is the Word of the Lord that endureth forever: that all bitterness and wrath, that all anger and clamor, that all evil speaking, that all malice, be put away from you. And let us be kind one to another—tender-hearted—forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us. If you and I have been born from above—if we have touched the hem of Christ's robe—if we have cried, "My Lord and my God"—if we have knelt with the publican and sinner, "Be merciful to me a sinner!"—no weed in nature am I, no bit of fading grass are you. I deny it! I am not grass, but a son of God, and have an immortal destiny. I can defy hell and the grave to quench my immortality. I can laugh at the sun and at the shining stars; for when they are dead and old and cold, I shall be with the Lord.

Be swift to forgive. Make haste to be kind, my brother man; for you are grass, and to-morrow it may be too late. All hate hurts the hater more than the hated. Envy is a sign that you feel yourself to be an inferior person. I'd never admit it. I would never feel it—for all envy is a mark of an inferior nature. And malice—malice is a smart, and a pain, that keeps me awake at nights and tosses me on a restless bed; but the object of that malice sleeps sweet, and I am the loser for my spite. And evil speaking—it is a game that two always play. We always get what we give. We reap what we sow. Show thyself friendly, and thou shalt have friends. Show thyself censorious and malicious, and on my soul, bitter tongues shall bite into your sensitive nerves, and make you miserable, rewarding you according to your own works. Oh, men and brethren, since we live so short a time, let us lay aside the anger that brands and the satire that scourges. Let us think no evil, and do not wrong; for this is the Word of the Lord that endureth forever: that all bitterness and wrath, that all anger and clamor, that all evil speaking, that all malice, be put away from you. And let us be kind one to another—tender-hearted—forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us. If you and I have been born from above—if we have touched the hem of Christ's robe—if we have cried, "My Lord and my God"—if we have knelt with the publican and sinner, "Be merciful to me a sinner!"—no weed in nature am I, no bit of fading grass are you. I deny it! I am not grass, but a son of God, and have an immortal destiny. I can defy hell and the grave to quench my immortality. I can laugh at the sun and at the shining stars; for when they are dead and old and cold, I shall be with the Lord.

COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL

CHICAGO.

The commercial mortality reflects increased stress of a temporary nature; collections generally being better, but payments through the banks show the smallest comparative decrease in some time, and the evidences of returning strength in activity have become more distinct. Heavier movements appear in grain, provisions, live stock and hides, together with increased employment in iron and coal forwarding. Demands are seen to be more numerous for pig iron and steel, although the tonnage still compares unfavorably with this time last year. Wider deliveries of factory goods, minor metals and leather working supplies testify to preparations for increased output in various manufacturing branches. Lower prices have stimulated much inquiry for railroad requirements, and important commitments are likely to be made soon, and the negotiations on which they depend being favorable.

Bank clearings, \$220,300,370, are 9.5 per cent under those of corresponding week in 1907.

Failures reported in the Chicago district numbered 33, against 21 last week and 22 a year ago. Those with liabilities over \$3,000 numbered 9, against 8 last week and 9 in 1907.—Dun's Review of Trade.

NEW YORK.

Aside from the continuance of the better tone in regards the future, and some further enlargement of industrial operations, notably in textile lines, there is little new to report as to trade. Business as a whole has been quiet. There is general agreement that retailers' stocks are not large, but filling-in orders continue to be frequent rather than heavy. Fall buying has been a trifle more assured at eastern and central western centers, but conservatism and a disposition to await crop and political developments guard against anything like free buying. Collections are backward as a whole.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending June 13 numbered 254, which compares with 253 last week, 103 in the like week of 1907, 173 in 1906, 157 in 1905 and 215 in 1904. Business failures in Canada for the week number 23, against 24 last week and 15 in this week last year.—Bradstreet's Commercial Report.

THE MARKETS

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$4.00 to \$7.85; hogs, prime heavy, \$4.00 to \$5.07; sheep, fair to choice, \$3.00 to \$5.00; wheat, No. 2, 92c to 94c; corn, No. 2, 67c to 68c; oats, standard, 56c to 57c; rye, No. 2, 75c to 76c; hay, timothy, \$8.00 to \$12.50; prairie, \$8.00 to \$11.50; butter, choice creamery, 20c to 22c; eggs, fresh, 12c to 10c; potatoes, new, per bushel, \$1.35 to \$1.40.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3.00 to \$7.25; hogs, good to choice heavy, \$3.50 to \$5.70; sheep, common to prime, \$3.00 to \$4.25; wheat, No. 2, 90c to 91c; corn, No. 2, 67c to 68c; oats, No. 2, 51c to 52c.

St. Louis—Cattle, \$4.50 to \$7.50; hogs, \$4.00 to \$5.50; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.75; wheat, No. 2, 92c to 93c; corn, No. 2, 71c to 73c; oats, No. 2, 50c to 51c; rye, No. 2, 75c to 80c.

Cincinnati—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$1.75; hogs, \$4.00 to \$5.75; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.50; wheat, No. 2, 91c to 92c; corn, No. 2, 67c to 68c; oats, No. 2, 51c to 52c; rye, No. 2, 75c to 76c; hay, timothy, \$8.00 to \$12.50; prairie, \$8.00 to \$11.50; butter, choice creamery, 20c to 22c; eggs, fresh, 12c to 10c; potatoes, new, per bushel, \$1.35 to \$1.40.

St. Paul—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$7.50; hogs, \$4.00 to \$5.50; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.75; wheat, No. 2, 92c to 93c; corn, No. 2, 71c to 73c; oats, No. 2, 50c to 51c; rye, No. 2, 75c to 80c.

St. Paul—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$7.50; hogs, \$4.00 to \$5.50; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.75; wheat, No. 2, 92c to 93c; corn, No. 2, 71c to 73c; oats, No. 2, 50c to 51c; rye, No. 2, 75c to 80c.

St. Paul—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$7.50; hogs, \$4.00 to \$5.50; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.75; wheat, No. 2, 92c to 93c; corn, No. 2, 71c to 73c; oats, No. 2, 50c to 51c; rye, No. 2, 75c to 80c.

St. Paul—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$7.50; hogs, \$4.00 to \$5.50; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.75; wheat, No. 2, 92c to 93c; corn, No. 2, 71c to 73c; oats, No. 2, 50c to 51c; rye, No. 2, 75c to 80c.

St. Paul—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$7.50; hogs, \$4.00 to \$5.50; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.75; wheat, No. 2, 92c to 93c; corn, No. 2, 71c to 73c; oats, No. 2, 50c to 51c; rye, No. 2, 75c to 80c.

St. Paul—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$7.50; hogs, \$4.00 to \$5.50; sheep, \$3.00

Cleveland Avalanche.

A. W. HARRIS, Editor and Proprietor.

TABLE OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

One Year \$1.00
Six Months75
Three Months50

Entered as second-class matter in the Postoffice at Cleveland, Ohio, under the Act of Congress of October 3, 1917.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, JUNE 25

HomeCircleDepartment

A column dedicated to Tired Mothers as they join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Crude thoughts as they fall from the Editorial Pen—Pleasant Evening Reveries.

Old people have faults, like children, but they have no mothers to forgive them.

Young people should remember that you cannot trust a man simply because you see the golden rule pinned on the front of his hat.

These days we sit on the sunny side of the car, walk on the sunny side of the street and sit in the sunny window of the house. Let us also walk on the sunny side of life and see the sunny side of the disjunct things of life.

Supplement what the children learn at school with reading lessons at home. Reading aloud is good, will improve the reading of the reader, and give information to members of the home circle who may be obliged to work with their hands in the evening.

When tempted to criticize the food on the home table, remember the adage that all food is golden. Criticism is never so exasperating to the housekeeper as at the table, where, in spite of hard work and worry, things will occasionally appear that are not as she had planned.

A Toast to Gentlemen.

The following toast to gentlemen is handed in by a lady contributor:

Bless 'em! They halve our joys, they double our sorrows, they treble our expenses, they quadruple our cares, they excite our magnanimity, they increase our self-respect, waken our enthusiasm, arouse our affections, control our property, and out-manuever us in everything. This world is a dreary world without them. In fact, I may say without prospect of successful contradiction, that without them this would not be much of a world anyhow. We love them, and the dear things can't help it; we control them, and the precious fellows don't know it. As husbands they are convenient, though not always on hand; as beaux they are by no means "matchless." They are most agreeable as visitors, handy at state affairs, and indispensable at oyster saloons. They are splendid as escorts for some other fellow's wife or sister, and as friends they are better than women. As our fathers they are inexpressibly grand. A man may be a failure in business, a wreck in constitution, not enough to boast of as beauty, nothing as a wit, less than nothing as a legislator for women's rights, and not very brilliant as a member of the press, but if our father we overlook his shortcomings and cover his peccadilloes with the divine mantle of charity. Then, as our husbands, how we love to parade them as paragons! In the sublime language of the poet:

We'll lie for 'em,
We'll cry for 'em,
And if we could we'd fly for 'em;
We'd anything but die for 'em.

Starting in Life.

You are soon to leave and break away from all the tender ties of home, and go out to seek your fortune in the world. Let us whisper a few words of counsel. We suppose you wish to be rich; most people do. We don't think riches desirable. We should be sorry to have inherited wealth. But a competence is very desirable, indispensable. Well, the way to get it is by forethought to plan industry to execute, and prudence to keep the earnings of your work. Get what you honestly earn, but never take more. Money is by no means the best thing in life. You are here in this world to become a good man, a wise man, a just man, an affectionate man, a religious man. Work for your manhood as much as for money; take as much pains to get, and as much to keep it. Keep clear of vice, especially intemperance, gambling and licentiousness. These three ruin thousands of young men every year. Be not gloomy, sour and stiff. Cheerfulness, gaiety, liveliness and mirthfulness belong to your period of life. You will find little real pleasure in anything your conscience forbids. As you have opportunity, cultivate your mind and forethought, prudence and industry will help you here as much as in getting money. And now would you prolong the sunshine of life forever? We must say to you there is no real happiness in life without religion. It is a restraint from doing wrong, an encouragement to do right, and a great comfort at all times of life. And finally, remember, though absent from the sight of the dear ones at home you will ever live in their hearts; and their highest earthly wish will be that you may prove yourself a noble man.

The Comfort of Being a Boy.

There is a comfort to be a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. Isn't something astonishing how

when he first goes on his first journey, he could not explain to himself why, when he is sent to the neighbor's for yeast, he stops to stare at it. He is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can't hit 'em. It is a curious fact about boys, that two will be a great deal slower about doing anything than one. Boys have a power of helping each other do nothing. But say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, a farm without a boy would soon come to grief. He is always in demand. In the first place he is to do all the errands, go to the store, postoffice, and carry all sorts of messages. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate in the same way. This he sometimes tries to do, and people who have seen him "turning cart wheels" along the side of the road have supposed he was amusing himself and biding his time. He was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so he could economize his legs, and do his errands with greater dispatch. Leap-frog is one of the methods of getting over the ground quickly. He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business.

The parents who rear their sons in idleness are doing them an unspeakable harm. Every boy is entitled to know by actual experience what hard manual labor means, and to get the blessing that comes from toughened muscles and a tanned skin.

The boy who takes his hat off when he enters the house is the one who usually has his hair combed and his face clean, and the girl who says "please," and "thank you," is always prettier than the one who forgets these little things. You just look around and see if this is not true.

DOES IT PAY?

Fifty Dollars Saves One Child—Is It Worth While?

This may well be termed the commercial age, says W. E. Sherrard, Superintendent of the National Home-Finding Society, in the July Delinquent.

Every form of human activity is measured by the dollar sign, and the first question asked is: "Does it pay?" Even the holy promptings of religion are arranged before the bar of our reason to answer the inquiry: "What is there in it for me in this life?" Neither the terrors of hell nor the joys of heaven will move us unless we are convinced of the fact that godliness is profitable for this life as well as that which is to come.

The question, "Does it pay?" is especially applicable to work in behalf of dependent and delinquent children. The Delinquent Child-Rescue Campaign has now been before the public long enough to raise this question in the minds of its readers, and it is due them to answer it, not by the light of philosophy, but by facts, so far as these are obtainable. The placing of a child in the family home is a trinity of good. It is a blessing to the child, to society, and to the home to which it goes. No man or woman can get the best out of life who have no children in their home.

The benefit derived to the State by placing these helpless bits of humanity into the homes of good, law-abiding citizens, instead of allowing them to become criminals and outcasts is beyond computation; but the greatest of the trinity of good comes to the children themselves. Only those who are familiar with the submerged child life of the nation can form any correct estimate of the value of this phase of the work. Since the child-placing work began in my State, over thirteen hundred children have passed into family homes, and despite the influence of heredity and of early surroundings, they are the equal of any like number of children in the State, if compared collectively, in mental capacity and moral character.

The average cost of the investigation and correspondence necessary to the placement of each child was less than fifty dollars. Does it pay?

Hereafter West Indian bachelors engaged on the Panama canal will take their food at messes provided by the government. It has been discovered that these frugal laborers, in order to economize have been starving themselves to such an extent that they have not been able to do themselves justice in the trenches. As a result of a year's experimentation it has been found that canal laborers who are fed at the mess kitchens are healthier and do much better work than those who provide food for themselves. The difference is so pronounced that an order has been issued forbidding bachelor laborers from providing their own food.

To save \$400,000 in wages and at the same time control to some extent the dust which troubles travelers is the plan of M. J. Buckley, general superintendent of the Oregon Navigation, who this year proposes to allow weeds to grow along the tracks wherever it is possible. Instead of keeping the track clear of these by cutting them with shovels, the section men are instructed to allow them to grow, keeping them trimmed close to the rails that they may not come in contact with the wheels of the cars and cause trouble. Wherever weeds have been allowed to grow dust has never troubled and this fact has caused Mr. Buckley, to try the experiment of allowing weeds and grass to cover the ties, especially the rail at the ends of the time outside the rails.

EXCURSIONS

at reduced fares to

CHICAGO

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF

INDEPENDENT PARTY

Tickets on sale July 25 and 26; return limit July 31.

CLEVELAND

46th ANNUAL CONVENTION

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASS'N

Tickets on sale June 25 to July 1 final return limit August 31.

D. Y. P. U. CONVENTION

Tickets on sale June 7, 8, 9; returning until July 15.

DENVER

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

and

PUEBLO and COLORADO SPRINGS

Tickets on sale July 1, 2, 3, 4; return limit July 25.

ST. PAUL

Annual Meeting Imperial Council

A. A. O. Nobles of the

MYSTIC SHRINE

Tickets on sale July 10, 11, 12; return limit July 15.

WINONA LAKE, IND.

Tickets on sale daily.

Also to Dallas, Tex., Indianapolis, Ind., and Columbus, Ohio. For Dates, Fares, etc., consult ticket agents.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS

During June and July tickets will be sold every Sunday between certain points on this line within a radius of 150 miles west of Detroit River, where round trip can be made on day of sale.

LOW ROUND TRIP

FARES

to all Tourist and Vacation Points.

CHANGE OF TIME JUNE 28.

For complete information consult agent of the

MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN

The Probate Court for the

County of Crawford

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the village of Grayling in said County, on the twenty-third day of June A. D. 1908.

Present: Hon. Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Martha L. Dickinson, Deceased.

Charles F. Dickinson, Administrator of said estate having filed in said Court his petition, praying for license to sell the interest of said estate in certain real estate therein described, at private sale for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased.

It is Ordered: That the twentieth day of July A. D. 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court, at said time and place, to show cause why license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted.

It is Further Ordered: That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous of said day of hearing, in the CRAWFORD AVALANCHE, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

WELLINGTON BATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.

June 25-3w

Buckley's Arnica Salve Wins.

Tom More of Rural Route 1, Cochran, Ga., writes: "I had a bad sore come on the instep of my foot, and I could find nothing that would heal it until I applied Buckley's Arnica Salve. Less than half a 25-cent box won the day for me by affording a perfect cure." Sold under guarantee at Lewis & Co.'s drug store.

When Mr. Jones' seventh son was born there was great rejoicing. Two or three days after the event one of the neighbors, meeting Tommy, the eldest son, asked if he were not sorry that his baby brother was not a baby sister.

Tommy shook his head.

"No ma'am not me," he replied with great decision. "Ye see we're tryin' for a baseball nine."—Everybody's Magazine.

Thinks It Saved his Life.

Lester M. Nelson, of Naples, Maine, writes in a recent letter: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery many years, for coughs and colds, and I think it saved my life. I have found it a reliable remedy for throat and lung complaints, and would not be without a bottle that I would be without food."

For nearly forty years New Discovery has stood at the head of throat and lung remedies, curing a preventive of pneumonia, and healer of weak lungs. It has no equal. Sold under guarantee at Lewis & Co.'s drug store. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

The World's Best Climate

is not entirely free from disease. On the high elevations fevers prevail, while on the lower slopes malaria is countered to a greater or less extent, according to altitude. To overcome climate ailments, malaria, jaundice, biliousness, fever and ague, and general debility, the most effective remedy is Electric Bitters, the great alterative and blood purifier; the antidote for every form of bodily weakness, nervousness, and insomnia. Sold under guarantee at Lewis & Co.'s drug store. Price 50c.

"Better Late Than Never"

is a familiar and true saying.

You are still thinking about that present you must purchase, so do not put it off longer, but call in and look over the many beautiful articles I have in stock.

You can surely find something at a reasonable price that will please both yourself and recipient.

C. J. HATHAWAY,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Everybody Drinks

Our Delicious

ICE CREAM SODA

Our soda fountain produces the coolest, most delightful and refreshing drinks in town these hot days. Our syrups are made from pure fruit flavors, cocoa and vanilla beans, and are always fresh and wholesome.

The next time you're near this store, drop in and let us mix you a soda, and note how magically that hot, tired feeling disappears.

A. M. LEWIS & CO.,

The Rexall Store

Grayling, - - - Mich.

Many People

Are willing to sacrifice themselves and their children to the prejudice of "what people say."

THE FOOLISH PREJUDICE AGAINST

THE USE OF GLASSES

By children with defective eyes often results in the greatest suffering—Sometimes permanent disability of one who might otherwise become a power in the world.

C. J. HATHAWAY,

Graduate Optometrist.

C. F. Thompson

Painter and Decorator

Making a specialty of

Paper-hanging, Sign-

writing, Blending and all

kinds of fancy painting

neatly done.

TRY ME!!

All orders left at the Manistee

House will receive prompt at-

tention.

YATER'S

Rheumatic & Neuralgia

REMEDY

TRADE

MARK

JOHN M. YATER.

MADE FROM HERBS.

Equally good for Man or Beast.

HELPS AND CURES.

First manufactured from March 24

to 24th, 1907. Cures Neuralgia in 20

minutes and Rheumatism in from one

to twenty days, and Lame Back, Headache, Sore Throat, Stomach Ache, Sore Eyes, Cuts, Bruises, Flea Stings, Fly Bites, Etc., in from ten to twenty

minutes.

Put up and sold by

JOHN M. YATER,

(Box 92) Roscommon, Michigan.

For sale at the Central Drug Store.

For the first time the supreme court

has passed upon the question of the

ownership of sunken logs in the

streams of this state. Edgar H. Whit-

man, owner of lands along the Muske-

gon river, obtained a decree in circuit court restraining the Muske-

gon Log Lifting Co., from removing

logs taken from the river and piled

upon his premises. Whitman claim-

ing the logs as riparian owner. The

supreme court, in an opinion by Jus-

tice McCalvey, has reversed the de-

cision of the lower court, holding that

the title to the logs, which are known

as dead heads, remain the property of

the original owners. For them to re-

move the logs from the river, it is

held, is not an unlawful interference

with the rights of the riparian owners.

Of course it is held, the log lifting

company has no right to trespass on

the complainant's lands, but such

trespass did not operate to give com-

plainant any title to the logs.

We invite, One and All

to call at the

PEOPLE'S

Meat Market

and look over our stock of

Fresh, Salt and

Smoked Meats,

Canned Goods

Fresh Fish, every Thursday

All Orders Delivered

Yours to Please

MILKS BROS.,

Successors to Bradley & Son.

THE NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO.

Tours of the Great Lakes

and Georgian Bay

"A Fresh Water Sea Voyage"

For Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur,

Fort William

Steamers leave Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., 3:30 p.

m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Friday Steamer going through to

Duluth.

1800 MILES OF LAKE TRAVEL

"THAT GEORGIAN BAY TRIP"

Includes Mackinaw Island, Sault Ste.

Marie, Manitoulin Island and all the

30,000 Islands.

Reached by motor launch, fishing, camp-

ing, canoeing. Most romantic scenery, healthful

climate and excellent steamer service.

Tickets from all Railway Agents

For literature and information address

C. H. NICHOLSON, Traffic Manager,

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

NOTICE.

To the owner or owners of any and

all interest in the land herein de-

scribed, and to the mortgagee or mortgagees

named in all undischarged recorded

mortgages against said land or any

assignee thereof of record:

Take Notice that sale has been law-

fully made of the following described

land for unpaid taxes thereon, and

that the undersigned has title thereto

under tax deed issued therefore, and

that you are entitled to a reconveyance

thereof at any time within six months

after return of service of this notice, up

on payment to the undersigned or to the

Register in chancery of the county in

which the land lies of all sums paid

by you, such purchase money, with

one hundred per cent additional there-

to, and the fees of the sheriff for the

service or cost of publication of this

notice, to be computed as upon per-

sonal service of a declaration as com-

menorement of suit, and the further

sum of five dollars for each descrip-

tion, without other additional cost or

charges. If payment as aforesaid is

not made, the undersigned will in-

stitute proceedings for possession of the

land.

State of Michigan, County of Craw-

ford, Michigan. Sec. Town Range Amt pd for year

sec 6 of ne 33 25N 2W \$2.30 1902

plus the fees of the sheriff.

HUBBARD HEAD

Place of business, Roscommon, Mich.

Dated, January 8th A. D. 1908.

To A. A. Griffin, Roscommon, Mich.

and Alice C. Evans, Roscommon,

Michigan, grantee under the last record-

ed deed, in the regular chain of title,

Grayling, Thursday, June 28

Local and Neighboring News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper above to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year in advance. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want your money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday noon, and can not be considered later.

Do not miss the Edison records for June at Hathaway's.

Miss Olive Bodnick, of Gaylord, is visiting Miss Anna Olson.

Miss Flora Marienthal of Bay City is visiting her sister, Mrs. Brenner.

Miss Kathryn Bates attended commencement at Alma College last week.

W. D. Hammond is attending commencement exercises at Big Rapids, Mich.

H. A. Pettit is erecting a fine residence of cement blocks on Maple street.

For first-class lunches at reasonable prices go to Collier's Restaurant, Opposite S. H. Co's store.

The Misses Blumenthal and Misses of West Branch, are the guests of Miss Agnes Sorenson.

Use Eureka Egg Preservative and save money. It is a sure thing. For sale at the Central Drug store.

My house and lots for sale. Price \$300 cash if taken now. Address, Flora Mavin, Pasco, Wash.

For Sale—A good horse, for driving or work, also a good new milch cow. Fred Hoeft, Sigbee, Mich.

Miss Vera Richardson closed a successful term of school in Maple Forest and returned home for her vacation.

Miss O'Callaghan one of our popular High School teachers leaves today to attend a summer school at Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Andy Smith left for Dakota, Monday, to join her husband. They expect to make the West their future home.

Fred E. Welch, who has been attending the University of Michigan for the past year, returned home yesterday.

The Rev. A. S. Sayers will hold services at the G. A. R. Hall, Monday evening, June 29th at 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

BORN—Monday, June 22d, to P. Aebli, Sup't. Crawford Aulavache, a daughter aged about 12 years. Father and daughter both doing well.

A Fourth of July celebration will be held at Henry Stephens' farm, near Stephens' bridge, east of town. Everybody cordially invited to come and have a good time.

The contract for the erection of the I. O. O. F. building was awarded to architect J. Frederickson, of Gaylord, for the sum of \$6,500.00. Operations will begin immediately.

May's Mineral Cleaner, for cleaning and renewing carpets, rugs and clothing. Works like magic. For sale by Mrs. G. Crandall, Local Agent, Grayling, Mich.

A social was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Merriman, Thursday of last week, in honor of the members of the eight grade. Many were in attendance and all report a good time.

Dr. and Mrs. Insley left Tuesday morning, for Manistee with their automobile to attend a convention of the physicians. After going a short distance they broke down and came back. This Dr. then took the train for that place.

DIED—At his home in this village, Sunday, June 24th, of pneumonia, Nels Peter Jensen, aged 57 years. He was born in Denmark 1831, and has been a resident of Grayling for 24 years. Deceased leaves a wife and seven children to mourn his death.

A terrible accident happened Tuesday evening on the M. C. tracks near the ware houses, where John Treft, of Detroit, was run over by a moving car and had both legs crushed below the knee. The injured man was carried to Dr. Insley's office, where Mrs. Insley, in the absence of the Dr., dressed his wounds. He was sent to a Bay City hospital.

Married—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Saml. Chatter, Fred Aebli, of Detroit, and Miss E. Aebli, of Bay City, were united in marriage by Rev. Father Hies officiating. Miss Anna Blomdin acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Joseph Aebli as best man. The bride was attended by her friends and the happy couple on their journey through life.

DON'T WAIT, now is the time when fresh eggs are plenty and cheap to provide against the time when they are scarce and high in price. Go to Olson's Central Drug store and buy Eureka Egg Preservative and put down all the fresh eggs you can spare, and you can always have them for use when they are high priced and scarce. Olson's Central Drug store has two birds in one. You don't keep them for a year but they keep as long as you want them when they are only twelve or fifteen cents a dozen and save them for use or sale when the market price is thirty-five or forty cents. There is good money in it. Don't you?

Grayling, Thursday, June 28

Local and Neighboring News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper above to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year in advance. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want your money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday noon, and can not be considered later.

Do not miss the Edison records for June at Hathaway's.

Miss Olive Bodnick, of Gaylord, is visiting Miss Anna Olson.

Miss Flora Marienthal of Bay City is visiting her sister, Mrs. Brenner.

Miss Kathryn Bates attended commencement at Alma College last week.

W. D. Hammond is attending commencement exercises at Big Rapids, Mich.

H. A. Pettit is erecting a fine residence of cement blocks on Maple street.

For first-class lunches at reasonable prices go to Collier's Restaurant, Opposite S. H. Co's store.

The Misses Blumenthal and Misses of West Branch, are the guests of Miss Agnes Sorenson.

Use Eureka Egg Preservative and save money. It is a sure thing. For sale at the Central Drug store.

My house and lots for sale. Price \$300 cash if taken now. Address, Flora Mavin, Pasco, Wash.

For Sale—A good horse, for driving or work, also a good new milch cow. Fred Hoeft, Sigbee, Mich.

Miss Vera Richardson closed a successful term of school in Maple Forest and returned home for her vacation.

Miss O'Callaghan one of our popular High School teachers leaves today to attend a summer school at Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Andy Smith left for Dakota, Monday, to join her husband. They expect to make the West their future home.

Fred E. Welch, who has been attending the University of Michigan for the past year, returned home yesterday.

The Rev. A. S. Sayers will hold services at the G. A. R. Hall, Monday evening, June 29th at 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

BORN—Monday, June 22d, to P. Aebli, Sup't. Crawford Aulavache, a daughter aged about 12 years. Father and daughter both doing well.

A Fourth of July celebration will be held at Henry Stephens' farm, near Stephens' bridge, east of town. Everybody cordially invited to come and have a good time.

The contract for the erection of the I. O. O. F. building was awarded to architect J. Frederickson, of Gaylord, for the sum of \$6,500.00. Operations will begin immediately.

May's Mineral Cleaner, for cleaning and renewing carpets, rugs and clothing. Works like magic. For sale by Mrs. G. Crandall, Local Agent, Grayling, Mich.

A social was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Merriman, Thursday of last week, in honor of the members of the eight grade. Many were in attendance and all report a good time.

Dr. and Mrs. Insley left Tuesday morning, for Manistee with their automobile to attend a convention of the physicians. After going a short distance they broke down and came back. This Dr. then took the train for that place.

DIED—At his home in this village, Sunday, June 24th, of pneumonia, Nels Peter Jensen, aged 57 years. He was born in Denmark 1831, and has been a resident of Grayling for 24 years. Deceased leaves a wife and seven children to mourn his death.

A terrible accident happened Tuesday evening on the M. C. tracks near the ware houses, where John Treft, of Detroit, was run over by a moving car and had both legs crushed below the knee. The injured man was carried to Dr. Insley's office, where Mrs. Insley, in the absence of the Dr., dressed his wounds. He was sent to a Bay City hospital.

Married—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Saml. Chatter, Fred Aebli, of Detroit, and Miss E. Aebli, of Bay City, were united in marriage by Rev. Father Hies officiating. Miss Anna Blomdin acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Joseph Aebli as best man. The bride was attended by her friends and the happy couple on their journey through life.

Grayling, Thursday, June 28

Local and Neighboring News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper above to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year in advance. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want your money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday noon, and can not be considered later.

Do not miss the Edison records for June at Hathaway's.

Miss Olive Bodnick, of Gaylord, is visiting Miss Anna Olson.

Miss Flora Marienthal of Bay City is visiting her sister, Mrs. Brenner.

Miss Kathryn Bates attended commencement at Alma College last week.

W. D. Hammond is attending commencement exercises at Big Rapids, Mich.

H. A. Pettit is erecting a fine residence of cement blocks on Maple street.

For first-class lunches at reasonable prices go to Collier's Restaurant, Opposite S. H. Co's store.

The Misses Blumenthal and Misses of West Branch, are the guests of Miss Agnes Sorenson.

Use Eureka Egg Preservative and save money. It is a sure thing. For sale at the Central Drug store.

My house and lots for sale. Price \$300 cash if taken now. Address, Flora Mavin, Pasco, Wash.

For Sale—A good horse, for driving or work, also a good new milch cow. Fred Hoeft, Sigbee, Mich.

Miss Vera Richardson closed a successful term of school in Maple Forest and returned home for her vacation.

Miss O'Callaghan one of our popular High School teachers leaves today to attend a summer school at Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Andy Smith left for Dakota, Monday, to join her husband. They expect to make the West their future home.

Fred E. Welch, who has been attending the University of Michigan for the past year, returned home yesterday.

The Rev. A. S. Sayers will hold services at the G. A. R. Hall, Monday evening, June 29th at 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

BORN—Monday, June 22d, to P. Aebli, Sup't. Crawford Aulavache, a daughter aged about 12 years. Father and daughter both doing well.

A Fourth of July celebration will be held at Henry Stephens' farm, near Stephens' bridge, east of town. Everybody cordially invited to come and have a good time.

The contract for the erection of the I. O. O. F. building was awarded to architect J. Frederickson, of Gaylord, for the sum of \$6,500.00. Operations will begin immediately.

May's Mineral Cleaner, for cleaning and renewing carpets, rugs and clothing. Works like magic. For sale by Mrs. G. Crandall, Local Agent, Grayling, Mich.

A social was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Merriman, Thursday of last week, in honor of the members of the eight grade. Many were in attendance and all report a good time.

Dr. and Mrs. Insley left Tuesday morning, for Manistee with their automobile to attend a convention of the physicians. After going a short distance they broke down and came back. This Dr. then took the train for that place.

DIED—At his home in this village, Sunday, June 24th, of pneumonia, Nels Peter Jensen, aged 57 years. He was born in Denmark 1831, and has been a resident of Grayling for 24 years. Deceased leaves a wife and seven children to mourn his death.

A terrible accident happened Tuesday evening on the M. C. tracks near the ware houses, where John Treft, of Detroit, was run over by a moving car and had both legs crushed below the knee. The injured man was carried to Dr. Insley's office, where Mrs. Insley, in the absence of the Dr., dressed his wounds. He was sent to a Bay City hospital.

Married—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Saml. Chatter, Fred Aebli, of Detroit, and Miss E. Aebli, of Bay City, were united in marriage by Rev. Father Hies officiating. Miss Anna Blomdin acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Joseph Aebli as best man. The bride was attended by her friends and the happy couple on their journey through life.

For Your BENEFIT.

We are after you again with a new bargain list—look it over carefully, they are goods that for various reasons must be removed.

- 1 Bookcase, second handed, a good value (w d).....\$ 4.00
- 1 Bideboard and Chins Closet combined, regular \$30.25, closing out price (w d).....27.00
- 1 Kitchen Cabinet Top, panel doors (w d).....3.75
- 1 Kitchen Cabinet Top, sliding doors (w d).....3.25
- 1 6 ft. Extension Table, second handed and without leaves (w d).....6.00
- 1 only Pillow, 24 lb. pure odorous leathers, regular price \$3.45 per pair close out (w d).....1.50
- 1 Parlor Chair, Verona seat.....3.75
- 1 Coll Bed Spring, size 3 ft. 4 in. for wooden bed (w d).....2.00
- 1 Second handed Bookcase (w d).....1.65
- 1 Green Couch, damaged a little by water (w d).....8.00
- 1 Red Couch, damaged in transit (w d).....11.00
- 1 Davenport, oak frame, covered in Mohair plush, nothing better outside of leather, regular \$24.50, closing out (w d).....18.00
- 1 Large rocker, covered in Green Embossed Velour, regular \$18.00, closing out price (w d).....12.00
- 1 Fine Parlor Cabinet, damaged just a little, regular \$16.00 close out. (s d).....10.00
- 1 Childs Crib, regular \$2.00, close out (s d).....1.00
- 1 6 pc. Chamber set in which the wash bowl is broken, regular \$2.75, close out (s d).....1.50
- 1 Hot Water Pitcher, white and gold ware (s d)......45
- 1 W. W. Spring for child's bed, 3-0 in. x 4-6 in. (s d).....1.00
- 1 Oak Bideboard, a bargain for someone (s d).....10.00
- 1 Kitchen Cabinet, solid oak throughout a good \$25.00 value, used just a short time (s d).....18.50

The above prices are net cash. Five per cent more on time.

Sorenson's Furniture Store.

YOU KNOW.

Levels Locals.

The T. E. Douglas Co., have decided to build a new mill, on the same ground, where the mill stood that was burnt recently.

Messrs C. V. Ferson of Toledo, Ohio, Jaeger, Lion and Swanson of Fostoria, Ohio arrived Wednesday morning.

E. S. Houghton returned Monday morning from Detroit.

Tuesday a large number of friends called on Mrs. Freeman, to remind her that she had arrived at the 55th mile post.

Master Newell Underhill is out with his donkey, and a fine new road cart. Joe Simma is clearing land on his place, at a pace that looks as though he meant to have a farm.

T. E. Douglas went to Detroit Monday to buy the machinery for the new mill.

Carpenters are putting new siding on the section houses at Level.

Dr. Merriman is in town Wednesday.

The Douglas livery took the Dr. over to Johannesburg.

Messrs Coots, Kestallier and Wheeler, of Bucyrus, Ohio, are guests of C. F. Dickinson.

Messrs Reina, Bushaw and Pardee are having a fence built around their sheep ranch.

John Rankin was doing business at Detroit, Tuesday and Wednesday.

A party from Fostoria, Ohio went to Crapo Lake for fish Thursday. One of the gentlemen landed a nice pickerel, and fastened it with a small rope to the side of the boat. He was advised to bring the pickerel on a wild life or table and in a few moments he landed No. 2, then 3 and 4 placing each one as caught, on the rope, where No. 1 was, and a little later they concluded to rest, and eat their lunch. About that time, our friend discovered, that the pickerel had bit the small rope off. He says they are gone. We will not state who it was, but ask Mr. Swanson, he can tell you.

DAN.

The best Pills ever Sold.

After doctoring 15 years for chronic indigestion, and spending over two hundred dollars, nothing has done me as much good as Dr. King's New Life Pills. I cannot say the best pills ever sold," writes B. F. Ascare of Ingleside, N. C. Sold under guarantee at Lewis & Co's Drug Store. 25c.

Married—Wednesday, June 10th, at the home of the bride's parents at Roscommon, Miss Elizabeth Woodruff, daughter of Hon. H. H. Woodruff, to Donald J. Tait, Rev. Dr. J. P. Chalmers officiating. Among the out of town guests in attendance at the wedding were Miss Aina Woodruff, of Bridgeport; Miss Jessie Woodruff, of Saginaw and Mrs. Wm. Carpenter, of Muskegon.

A Grand Family Medicine.

It gives me pleasure to speak a good word for Electric Bitters, writes Mr. Frank Condon of No. 436 Houston St., New York. "It is a grand family medicine for dyspepsia and liver complications while for lame back and weak kidneys it cannot be too highly recommended." Electric Bitters regulate the digestive functions, purify the blood, and impart renewed vigor and vitality of the weak and debilitated of both sexes. Sold under guarantee at Lewis & Co's Drug Store.

Spartan Uplifting.

Lord Kitchener's father, who was rather a Spartan parent, was also a soldier, but in Ireland he turned his attention to breeding pigs as a source of income. Kitchener and his father had to drive the pigs to market. They were to be sold at the market, and he was to go without their food on their return if their pigs remained unweaned.

For Your BENEFIT.

We are after you again with a new bargain list—look it over carefully, they are goods that for various reasons must be removed.

The Western Star
Flour is the Best Yet.
100 SATISFIED USERS 100
in the city have said so. Its increasing sale only proves its bread making qualities are excellent.
TRY A SACK
and be convinced.
The Bank Grocery,
S. S. PHELPS JR., Prop'r.

A Wise--- BUYER ---Always--- BUYES
where he gets the best goods at the best prices and best terms.
Try Us Once
then we will leave you to be the Judge.
Haying tools, spray pumps, poison, buggies, wagons, plows, harrows, barbed wire, small tools of all kinds. General hardware. See us, cash or time. Hay to sell in the field.
The S. B. Brott Implement Co.
Wellington, Michigan.

Attention, Horse Breeders!
Percheron Stallion "Viking"
The Percheron Stallion "Viking" is owned by Feldhauser Brothers, and will not travel, but make permanent stand at Feldhauser Mill and at the farm in Maple Forest township.
Terms will be strictly cash.
\$ 5.00—Single Leap.
\$10.00—For Season.
\$15.00—To insure colt.
\$20.00—For pair of mares.
For full particulars address
FELDHAEUSER BROTHERS
FREDERIC, MICH.
Pedigree of "Viking"
The Percheron Stallion "Viking" is registered in the Percheron Stud-book of America, as the property of Russell Lane, of Gheouburg, Ohio, and his record number is 1145. Color and description: Black, star. Pedigree: Fostoria, April 11, 1877, bred by James M. Fletcher, of Wayne, Illinois, got by AMERICAN (1875), he by GILBERT (1854) (461), he by BULLYANT (1271) (755), he by BULLYANT (1899) (755), he by COCO II (714), he by VIKING CRAMLIN (713), he by COCO (712), he by MITON (715), he by JEAN-LE-BLANC (159), Dam, DOCKERS (1117) (798), by CONFIDENT 3647 (897), he by BULLYANT (1271) (755), he by BULLYANT (1899) (755), he by COCO II (714), he by VIKING CRAMLIN (713), he by COCO (712), he by MITON (715), he by JEAN-LE-BLANC (159), Second Dam PRINCE (7289) by CAMERON (4175), he by COCO II (714), he by VIKING CRAMLIN (713), he by COCO (712), he by MITON (715), he by JEAN-LE-BLANC (159).

We are STILL AT IT!

We are determined to

REDUCE OUR STOCK

Our hot weather has started, and we are prepared with warm weather goods. All seasonable goods at greatly reduced prices.

Whether or not you intend celebrating the 4th away from home, it will pay you to come and attend this sale. There is only a short time left, so come while the selection is best.

---Specials for--- Friday and Saturday.

Mens' Hats.
Mens' regular 50c and 75c Telescope Cloth Hats for 29 cents.

Mens' Underwear.
Mens' 50c Summer Underwear for 38c.
Mens' 25c Summer Underwear for 19c.

Mens' Shirts.
Mens' regular 50c and 75c Dress or working shirts for 37 1-2.

Grayling Mercantile Co.,

UNION LOCK POULTRY FENCE.

For Poultry, Rabbits, Orchards, Gardens, etc.



Stronger and closer spacing than any other make. Our Union Lock Hog, Field and Cattle Fence, Union Lawn Fence, etc., guaranteed first class. Your dealer should handle this line—if not, write us for prices. Catalogue free.
UNION FENCE CO., DE KALB, ILL., U. S. A.

Drugs. Patent Medicines.
Central Drug Store
N. POLSON PROPRIETOR
"The Best Drugs."
The best of everything in the line of
Fishing Tackle!
In fact everything that the fisherman needs is to be found here.
COME IN AND SEE.
Bring us your Family Recipes. Prescription Work a Specialty.
Candy. Cigars.
JOHN DOLAN, Manager.

The Boom Continues!
Lots sold on monthly payments.
Brink's Addition on the South side had more dwelling houses built on it in the past two years than any other two additions in the village of Grayling.
Don't Pay Rent! Get Yourself a Home!
TERMS TO SUIT PURCHASER.
W. F. BRINK.

**The Full Text of the Declaration of Principles as
Adopted by the National Convention in Chicago.**

hood recently. The nurse started to
take the child down stairs, and when at
top step she slipped and fell with
child in her arms. The nurse's arm
broken and the child quite seriously
wounded.

Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.

For Sale and fully warranted by O. Pamer.

His Engagement

By Dorothy Canfield

(Copyright.)

It was in a shady nook on "Flirtation," where the rocks sloped directly from their feet to the Hudson. With a reckless disregard of regulations, the cadet had unfashioned the top hook of his collar and, with his hands clasped behind his head, was gazing meditatively at the girl who was opening a box of candy. It looked like the regulation arrangement on "Flirtation," but it was not.

She arranged her skirts comfortably, tilted her parasol at an angle which shaded the cadet's head as well as her own, and then said: "Now, Allan, you promised you'd tell me all about it. There's no reason for putting it off."

The cadet rubbed his close-cropped head thoughtfully. "I'll tell it on one condition—that you don't interrupt."

"I'm going to start in by saying that you don't know the girl, but that she's a wonder! It all happened about a year and a half ago—when she'd been coming up to the Point for several months, to help and things. She was the gayest little 'fem' you ever saw—always cracking jokes and laughing like a chime of bells."

"You know our set of six fellows, and how we always hang together. Well, we were together on this proposition all right! We thought she was about the funniest little girl that ever came along. She was always saying something you didn't think she was going to. I remember she was the only girl I ever saw who had something new to say when we told her we called our room-mates our 'wives.' And I tell you our 'spooned' had any chance around her. She's got the prettiest eyes, that look as though they'd be just great for looking soft, but she kept them snapping so with fun that there wasn't any use trying to do the spoon."

"Well, a year ago last fall, when I was a second-class man, I was sitting in my room one evening, brooding mope. I'd been working like a horse trying to 'make' my calculus, and I was as grouchy as a bear. My 'wife' was not any company, for he'd been 'doing areas' ever since two o'clock, and had turned in so dead tired you couldn't have waked him with an ax. I was getting lonesomer and lonesomer, and feeling more and more as though I wanted a blow-out of some kind to put some life into me, when there was a whoop at the door and the five fellows of the gang came in, all talking at once. Puddenhead had a letter, waving it in the air, and the only thing I could get out of them was that Helen was engaged. I had two Helens on the string about that time, and I was considerably excited till after about five minutes they got smoothed down enough for me to make out that they meant this girl I'm telling about. I hadn't thought of her at all. She wasn't the kind you'd ever think of as sobering down enough to get engaged. Puddenhead had had a letter from a girl in Bridgeport, where Helen lived, and she said Helen's engagement to a 'cl' named Beardsley was just announced. Well, we were great pals of Helen's, and we were sore that she hadn't told us anything about it. Puddenhead said: 'Think of her nerve! She's coming up to a hop to-morrow night just as though nothing had happened. She thinks she's going to fool us. We'll just let her know that she can't get ahead of us with her practical jokes. Let's meet her as she comes up to the top of the hill and about out 'congratulations!' (All they can hear us on the other side of parade ground.)"

"I was just going to say I was game for that, when 'Big' Marshall began jumping up and down and hollering: 'I got you beat! I got you beat! I got an idea that beats that all to frazzles! Let's all six of us never let on we've heard a thing, and then all propose to her, heavy-tragedy style, during the hop—take on as though we were broken-hearted, and then have the laugh on her the next day.'"

"Say, that struck us all right, all right! We just went into the air. 'We could hardly wait for the hop, and when my dance with Helen came I proposed to sit it out on the balcony overlooking the Hudson, and I fairly shivered for fear she'd want to dance; but she didn't, and we went down the stairs together, me beginning to put on the proper solemn air.'"

"It was moonlight—a warm October evening. The Hudson looked like a black diamond with rubies all around it where the lights of the shore gleamed. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, and just the sweetest autumn smell in the air. Oh, it was the proper stage-setting, all right! I lifted Helen up to the broad balustrade—same way I had lots of times before—and then I turned and gazed down the river, trying to look romantic. I won't tell you what I said to her, but you can just bet it was red-hot! I told her she was the only one in the world for me—that I had my future all fixed up with her in the midst of it, and it would be the death of me to unfix my ideas, that I would quit the service if there wasn't any hope for me."

"By-and-by I got through, besides our dance was not going to last for all time, and I wanted to give the other fellows a chance. There was a long silence, and then Helen raised her head and looked at me."

"Say, it was a good thing I was leaning up against the balustrade, 'cause if it hadn't been for that I'd have fallen right down in a fit. Helen was looking at me with eyes like stars, and they changed every minute

and got softer and softer till I was just melted and floated away in air. You wouldn't think she ever could have laughed out of them, they were so sweet and solemn. Her lips moved, and I could just hear her say: 'Allan, my Allan!'

"I was about the most startled and scared individual you ever saw, and what with that and my general feeling of goodness, I know I must have turned pale. She leaned over toward me and said, in the prettiest lowest voice, that just went through me like a knife: 'Why, Allan, you must have known how I felt!'

"I gasped out something about her always jollying me, and she said, reproachfully: 'Oh, dear boy, that was only to shelter myself. I was so afraid you would know and despise me.'"

"I took another brace, and murmured some disjointed questions about the 'cl' Beardsley, but she caught me up short. 'You didn't believe that gossip!'

"I was just dissolving in thin air all this time—I was, for a fact! I couldn't feel the ground under my feet, and I had to hold on to the balustrade, hard. I was so light-headed and dizzy. Just then 'Big' Marshall came running out to get Helen for the next dance. I helped her down, and she gave my arm a little hidden pat, that couldn't have hurt worse if she'd hit me with a hammer! I watched her walk away with 'Big,' feeling meaner and meaner, till, as she turned and gave one backward look toward me, I just shivered up to nothing at all. I moved around the corner to a place where I knew nobody'd come, and fell down on a chair, and took my head in my hands and did some tall thinking! First off, I took about an hour calling myself bad names. I'd think of the light in her eyes as she had looked at me, and curse myself for about the lowest, meanest specimen of humanity that ever drew breath."

"I was all in a tremble when I stood up finally, but my mind was made up. I was a Doones from Alabama, and I wasn't going to go back on the woman who loved me—if it killed me!"

"I tell you, I didn't sleep much that night, and I didn't need reveille to wake me in the morning. I was planning what I would say to Helen when I saw her the next afternoon. The first time I saw her would be the worst. After chapel, though, her aunt—her aunt is Capt. Wadleigh's wife—told me that Helen had been telegraphed for to come to New York to see an uncle on the steamer, and that she had left on the first train. Say, maybe I didn't feel like a relieved prisoner! I caught the first long breath I'd had since the night before. But in a minute I knew I'd have to write; and that's what I did! All that afternoon I wrote and tore up and wrote and tore up, trying to fix just the letter she ought to get. I tried to think what I'd want a fellow to write if I were a girl just engaged to him, and then I'd write it."

"I got some sort of a letter done, and was just starting out to post it, when Capt. Wadleigh's orderly came up and said that Miss Helen had left a note for me and wished me to go over to the house and get it. I started over there and posted the letter on the way. When I got to the gate I saw Puddenhead and 'Big' going up the walk, and two of the other fellows were looking out of the windows. I thought: 'Oh, Lord! Helen's probably left a note for all of them announcing our engagement. I won't have to put up a bluff or anything!'

"Mrs. Wadleigh was sitting inside talking to the fellows already there, and in a minute in came Adams, and there we were, all six. Mrs. Wadleigh got up and went over to her desk. 'You boys and Helen are such lokers!' she said. 'I don't know what the joke is this time, but I suppose it is some of Helen's nonsense. She asked me to give you all one of these.' With that she began handing around some little notes. I knew what it meant, all right, and I waited a minute before I opened mine, for I didn't feel as though I had any right to read what Helen had written there. When I broke the seal an engraved card fell out and, as I looked at it, I got the shock of my life."

"Mr. and Mrs. — request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Helen to Eugene Beardsley."

"Just then we heard a funny noise, and there was that 'wife' of mine back of us, just gasping for breath, and so out of laughter he was black in the face. As we turned around and looked at him kind of dazed and fazed, he was so tickled he gave a whoop, and fell on the floor in a fit. That blamed scallawag hadn't been asleep at all that night, and he had come and told them all about our scheme, and said what do you think? The little actress had accepted the whole six of us in the same way she had me!"

Breakfast Bridge Still Strong.

The Brooklyn bridge was opened for traffic May 24, 1883. It has afforded passage to more than the world's population in 25 years, and expert engineers have not declared it as serviceable as on its first day of usefulness.—New York World.

THEIR KIND ASSISTANCE

When Rillington first drove up behind his fast trotter and bore off Miss Perkins for a ride, it created a great sensation at the Crosses, the exclusive family hotel where she resided. With one accord the other women said: "How entirely suitable it would be if they made a match!"

Of course, the fact that a marriageable man takes a marriageable woman for a pleasure outing does not necessarily signify matrimonial intentions on the part of either. The residents of the Crosses, however, were following the unwritten law to the effect that a man over 40 is not allowed simple dallying, but must have serious intentions if he seeks feminine society.

Beardsley being middle-aged, Rillington was a widower, which added point to the affair. He did not live at the Crosses, but every one knew of him—his wealth, his real-estate business, his aversion to automobiles and his famous horses.

As for Miss Perkins, she was such a handsome woman that it had always been a matter of curiosity how she escaped matrimony. When she returned from that first ride she was met by smiles—heroically casual, unconscious smiles.

"Such a lovely day for a drive!" chirped Mrs. Jones. "I'd make him take me again, Miss Perkins!"

Miss Perkins stood, tall and serene, her cheeks pink beneath the dust of her silver pompadour, a glint of amusement in her dark eyes.

"I shall, Mrs. Jones, I certainly shall!" she promised that matron, who delightedly spread the news that Miss Perkins was going in for the affair seriously.

Every woman in the hotel at once jumped to man the guns.

"Wear your gray! Wear your gray!" breathlessly prompted Mrs. Smith, the second time Rillington and his trotter drove up in front of the Crosses. "You are a dream in it, Miss Perkins, with your hair!"

Mrs. Alberts tapped on her door just as Miss Perkins started forth. "Miss Perkins," said she, "won't you wear these corals of mine—with the gray, you know—please do!"

A hand mysteriously beckoned Miss Perkins as she amblingly passed down the hall. It belonged to Mrs. Doncaster, who had the only three-room suite at the Crosses.

"Miss Perkins," called Mrs. Doncaster, "when you come back why don't you bring him up to my parlor? You can just as well as not and it's so much pleasanter and more secluded than the reception room downstairs! I wish you would!"

GRAND 4th of July Celebration AND Water Carnival AT Hellen's Park

Parker's Point near Berdel Hotel
East Side, Higgins Lake.
ROSCOMMON, = MICH.
Grand Fireworks Display from Tower in the Lake.

Gasoline Launch Races, Boat Races, High Diving, Diving Contest, and other sports.
Base Ball in the afternoon.
Stupendous Consolidation of three Mighty Bands.
Big Pavilion Dance.
Catching the Greased Pig, Fat Mens' Foot Race, Lean Mens' Foot Race, Egg Race for the children, Climbing the greased pole. \$200.00 in Prizes.
Ample Facilities to accommodate the public.
Good Hotels on the grounds.
Take a day off and Come to Beautiful Higgins Lake.
Arrangements will be made to carry passengers to and from the lake.
Everybody Come and spend a day Bathing, Boating and Fishing.

Excursion on Railroad.

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN and district to sell our new and improved **GRANDER** bicycle. We have no money required until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We have no money required until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We have no money required until you receive and approve of your bicycle.

8.50 HEDGETHORN PUNCTURE-PROOF 4.80 SELF-HEALING TIRES A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY

THE HEDGETHORN PUNCTURE-PROOF SELF-HEALING TIRE is the only tire that will heal itself. It is made of a special rubber which never becomes porous and which cures up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their Hedgethorn tires pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than ordinary tires, they are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

IF YOU NEED TIRES Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above, or write for our big Tire and Buggy Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING A bicycle** until you have a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offer we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. **Write it NOW.**

J. L. NEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Marlin

Why is the Marlin 12 gauge pump action repeating shotgun the best all-around shotgun? Marlin's answer is that it is the best material obtainable for the purpose. Marlin's answer is that it is the best material obtainable for the purpose. Marlin's answer is that it is the best material obtainable for the purpose.

The Family Shoe Store

"We Walk On Stars, So Can You"

That is what we are. One reason is because in the "OUR FAMILY" line of "STAR BRAND" shoes we have a shoe for every member of every family. Think what it means to have all your family shod economically in well-made, well-fitting and service-giving shoes. "OUR FAMILY" shoes are made by experts in big specialty factories from soft, pliant, good wearing, box calf leather.

The men's and boys' are Goodyear Welts which means that the soles are flexible and that there are no tacks, wax or threads inside to hurt, burn and blister the feet. Being reinforced under the instep with a brass clinch fastening, they cannot rip.

Prices are reasonable—Men's \$3.00 to \$3.50, Boys' \$2.50 to \$2.75, Youths' \$2.25 to \$2.50, Little Girls' \$2.00.

The women's, misses' and children's shoes have a metal clinch sole retainer; the soles can't pull apart.

"OUR FAMILY" shoes for Women are \$1.75 to \$2.00, Misses' 12 to 2, \$1.50 to \$1.65, Children's 8 1/2 to 11 1/2, \$1.35 to \$1.50, 5 to 8, \$1.10 to \$1.25.

The star on the heel and the name "OUR FAMILY" on the sole of each shoe is a guarantee that they are honestly constructed and full of satisfaction.

"STAR BRAND SHOES ARE BETTER"

See one they is to like them. Come see them.

Grayling Mercantile Co.

Why Ready Mixed Paint is better and less expensive than paint you mix yourself

PITKIN'S BARN PAINT

WHAT makes paint so long and well? Simply this: The fine grinding of the pigments and the thorough mixing of the various ingredients—the absolutely thorough mixing and complete saturation of the pigments with the oil.

There is only one way to figure the cost of paint. Figure what it costs you per year to protect your buildings from decay and keep them bright and clean. Look farther than the mere first cost of the paint. Its true value must be estimated on the length of time it will last.

The life of paint depends upon the way the oil is worked into the pigment. A poorly mixed paint is only partly ground, uneven, streaky and will soon peel, crack, lose color and corrode. Ready mixed paints cannot be otherwise mixed and ground and colored than Ready Mixed Paint. It is made in the proper proportions of the various ingredients, and is completely saturated with the oil. The cost of paint is not the cost of the pigment, but the cost of the oil.

There is only one way to figure the cost of paint. Figure what it costs you per year to protect your buildings from decay and keep them bright and clean. Look farther than the mere first cost of the paint. Its true value must be estimated on the length of time it will last.

The life of paint depends upon the way the oil is worked into the pigment. A poorly mixed paint is only partly ground, uneven, streaky and will soon peel, crack, lose color and corrode. Ready mixed paints cannot be otherwise mixed and ground and colored than Ready Mixed Paint. It is made in the proper proportions of the various ingredients, and is completely saturated with the oil. The cost of paint is not the cost of the pigment, but the cost of the oil.

Selling Hanson Co.

Detroit Headquarters FOR MICHIGAN PEOPLE

GRISWOLD HOUSE

Michigan Plan, \$5.00 to \$10.00 per day. European Plan, \$10.00 to \$15.00 per day.

Ready made and custom made suits, coats, trousers, hats, shoes, etc. at the lowest prices.

Postals & Money Order, Please.

STEVEN'S

(Do you remember, as a boy, how delighted you were with your first STEVEN'S? Truly you can't forget that time. Give your BOY a STEVEN'S now. We'll all be the happier for it.)

MAKE A MAN OF YOUR BOY!

If you ever want a STEVEN'S ARMS & TOOL CO. catalog, send for it. It's free. For 5 cents to pay postage, we will send you a catalog. Send for it. It's free. For 5 cents to pay postage, we will send you a catalog.

J. STEVEN'S ARMS & TOOL CO., P. O. Box 5299, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

DETROIT & CHARLEVOIX R. R. TIME TABLE No. 19.

Trains Run by Monthly Meridian or Central Standard Time, Daily except Sunday.

P. M.	STATION	P. M.
2 25	D. Fredric A. S. R.	12 25
12 45	Payette	11 20
3 00	D. Edward A. S. R.	11 40
13 15	N. River	11 20
	D. L. J. S. R.	
	G. Lake	
	S. Lake	
13 30	B. Lake	11 15
13 35	Ma Road	11 10
3 50	D. ALBA	10 30
4 20	G. River	9 40
4 30	G. Camp	9 30
4 35	P. River	9 20
4 40	Wards	9 10
5 10	E. J. S. R.	9 00
P. M.		A. M.

Trains will stop where no time is shown. Trains will stop at let passengers on or off at points shown.

CLARK HAIRE, Gen'l Manager.